The Improvement ERA

OCTOBER, 1930
Vol. 33 No. 12

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A Guest at the White House Talks
By
MRS. REED SMOOT

A Spiritual Philosophy of Life
By
DEAN MILTON BENNION

Masterpiece
By
MRS. C. R. KNOWLES

Was the Earth Created in Six Days?
By
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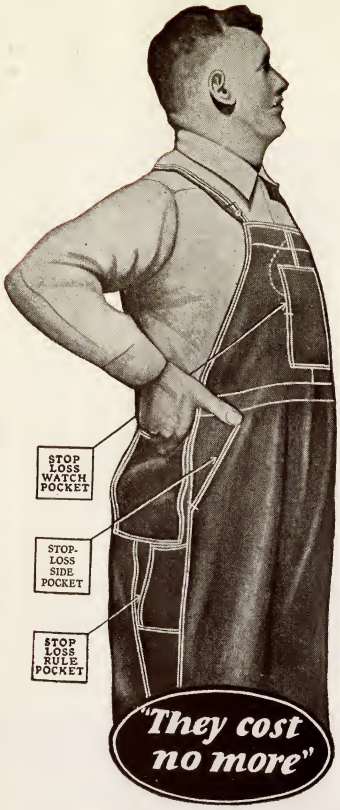

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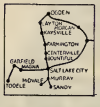

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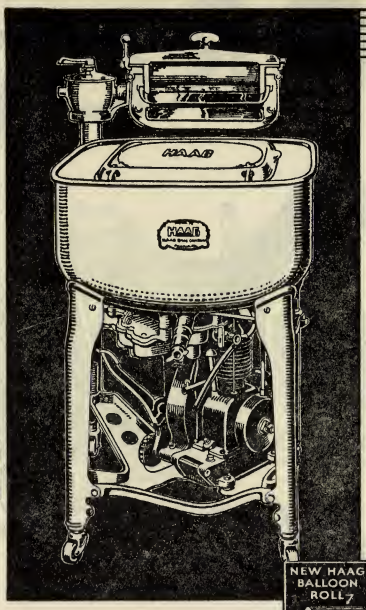

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FORECAST

DO you read the poetry page? The *Era* is receiving contributions for this department from all parts of the United States as well as many from Canada. Naturally this gives the editors a wide variety from which to choose, and, delightful as this department has been in the past, there will be a constant improvement.

FOREIGN LECTURERS" is the title of a splendid article by Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed. This talented gentleman spent some time in Utah lecturing at the B. Y. U. summer school. Usually Dr. Goodspeed is paid a large price for his contributions to magazines—so large, indeed, that the *Era* could not hope to favor its readers with anything from his pen; but because of the interest he has taken in this community we have been able to secure this manuscript as well as a promise of future contributions.

WITH scarcely less interest than that manifested by the Jews themselves, the Latter-day Saints have looked expectantly upon the recent developments going on in the Holy Land. Dr. Franklin S. Harris, president of the Brigham Young University, has furnished the *Era* with an article under the title of "Critical Days in Palestine" which is sure to be read with interest. With it will appear pictures taken by the doctor himself, of places which every Christian has longed to see.

THE scholarly series by Dean Milton Bennion, "A Spiritual Philosophy of Life," is nearing the end. The author has the gift of stimulating thought but does not write for the superficial reader. All who have pondered over his statements have done so with profit to themselves.

AS has been announced elsewhere, a large number of outstanding writers have been secured for the coming volume. People nationally known as well as local writers will contribute articles which will give *Era* readers material pleasing to the Boy Scout and Bee-Hive Girl and not less so to the experienced high priest and the aged mother.

The Improvement Era

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103 Act of October, 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

Manuscripts submitted without the statement, "At usual rates," are considered free contributions. Photographs, unless their return is especially requested, will be destroyd.

Published monthly at Salt Lake City by the M. I. A. General Boards; $2 per annum. Address: Room 406 Church Office Building.

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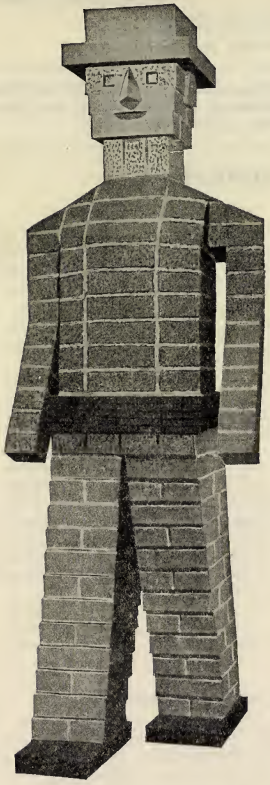

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EDITORIAL

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Heber J. Grant
Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

Has it a Meaning?

CHINESE guns shell U. S. gunboat;" "Crops ruined, stock killed by hot wave;" "Quake kills 500 on shore of Caspian;" "Typhoon floods 13,000 buildings;" "New eruption puts Italian city in panic;" "Russo-Turkestan, India and Tokio stricken;" "Swarms of moths put Italian city in total darkness;" "Reds execute 2000 in Chinese city."

Even casual readers of the daily papers will recognize in the foregoing quotations a few headlines of recent date. These disasters have been pandemic. Trailing upon the heels of one appalling calamity, another just as bad, or even worse, follows. Floods and drouth, extreme heat or unseasonable cold, volcanoes and earthquakes, pests of various kinds, all have contributed to casualties which have taken enormous numbers of human lives and have destroyed property amounting to untold millions. One is bewildered by the frequency of these occurrences.

To add to the havoc of turbulent elements, men themselves are in a paroxysm of unrest and fear. The "red terror" is spreading over China, the most populous nation in the world. Ghandi's movement of "unarmed resistance" in India, the second largest country in the world in point of population, is causing England, and indeed all other nations, grave concern; for modern inventions have brought the world into such close relationship that a delicate situation in one country can not fail to affect all civilized lands. There has been serious mutiny in Egypt. Italy and France are ready to fly at each others' throats; revolution is seething in several of the South American countries; and the whole world is viewing Russia's activities with grave distrust.

Complicated business conditions, for the exact cause of which no two analysts give the same reason; the alarming number of men out of employment and the consequent suffering in families; strikes and the increase in lawlessness make the thoughtful person wonder what the end will be.

What does all this portend? Are these things danger signals which should not be disregarded?

It has always been the policy of this magazine to speak in sanguine terms—to establish hope and confidence. It stands for a Gospel of cheerfulness and peace. There are times, however, when, confronted by a condition and not by a theory, it is necessary to call attention to our situation, though the truth may be unpalatable. We believe that this is a day of warning and not a day of many words.

The well known illustration which the Master gave of the fig tree putting forth its leaves as a sign that summer is near seems significant today. A terse and vivid description of that which should follow the preaching of the Gospel by elders of this Church is found in a modern revelation recorded in Section 88 of the Doctrine and Covenants. The testimony referred to has now been given the world one hundred years:

"And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people. For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground and shall not be able to stand. And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea heaving themselves beyond their bounds. And all things shall be in commotion; and surely, men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people. And angels shall fly through the midst of heaven, crying with a loud voice, sounding the trump of God, saying: Prepare ye, prepare ye, O inhabitants of the earth; for the judgment of our God is come. Behold, and lo, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

In another revelation found in Section 45, the Lord says:

"And then they shall look for me, and, behold, I will come; and they shall see me in the clouds of heaven, clothed with power and great glory, with all the holy angels; and he that watches not for me shall be cut off. But before the arm of the Lord shall fall, an angel shall sound his trump, and the saints that have slept shall come forth to meet me in the cloud. Wherefore, if ye have slept in peace blessed are you; for as you now behold me and know that I am, even so shall ye come unto me and your souls shall live, and your redemption shall be perfected; and the saints shall come forth from the four quarters of the earth."—*H. J. C.*

The Art of Leadership

TO be an artist who works with colored pigments, blending blue and white into the softness of the summer sky, and transmuting paints into the gleam of sunshine on snow or the shadowy reflection of trees in limpid pool; to be a sculptor who fashions inanimate lumps of clay into the likeness of a bird or a nymph or the President of the United States; to be a musician who reaches out into the realm of melody with sensitive antennae to find and capture soul-stirring harmony and rhythm; to be an engineer who holds in the grip of strong hands the control of a pulsating, powerful machine and causes it to respond to his touch—all these are great callings charged with responsibility and fraught with immeasurable potentialitiy for achievement. They call for determination, ability, vision and capacity for work, and in the development of such qualities lies growth.

To many people, lack of such artistic talent means lack of opportunity to live life at its fullest and best,

while to many others has come and will continue to come the realization that there are fields on every hand which require consummate artistry to cultivate. One of these fields is that of leadership—the leadership of youth—and herein are needed the qualifications and powers of the masters of all the fine arts. The artist-power to blend must find and harmonize in an impressionable character blue pessimism, white decency, yellow unworthiness, red courage and many other hues which must dwell together in one soul, and try to eradicate the streaks which spoil the beauty of the whole. The sculptor-power to mould must function when truthfulness needs reinforcing, when generosity requires bolstering, when laziness demands prodding, and when lumps of stubbornness, irresponsibility and antagonism must be kneaded away. The musician-sense of rhythm, and the understanding of counter-point come forth in making lovely and successful adjustments among those whose various life-songs are to be sung together. And the engineer-touch must be so sensitive as to detect every rattle and squeak and knock which tells of irregularity and difficulty ahead.

To be a leader of youth is to be a kind of creator, for new vision, new determination, new activity and inspiration and ambition come to life in the presence of real leadership. If you would be possessed of that talent, and increase it ten fold, you must work with hand and brain and heart, and all these must know how to turn readily and often from fun to earnestness, from laughter to quick sympathy, from handcraft to discussion and from gaiety to prayer.

Genius is not always a gift left by the fairies in cradles. It is sometimes a power to be acquired through the willingness to work and believe, to endure and pray. And in the genius of leadership are combined the qualities which make one not only a leader but a follower as well.—*E. T. B.*

Unexpected Honesty

FREQUENT reference is made to the fabulous sums spent by tobacco companies in their advertising campaigns. One wonders if they are becoming more honest than they were when they endeavored to persuade the public that to be a great football or baseball player, or a slender, beautiful actress, certain brands of cigarettes should be used. One of the latest "ads" is: "20,679 physicians say (here the name of the cigarette is given), are less irritating." A footnote proudly calls attention to the fact that these figures have been checked and certified to by a firm of public accountants.

Of course this advertisement is an obvious admission to the world that tobacco is irritating, and the only claim, it is interesting to note, which this firm makes is that their brand is *less irritating.*

Suppose a young man applied for a position in a bank and presented credentials from people who knew him intimately reading something like this: "We can recommend John Doe. He is less of a crook than some other men."

Probably not one of the 20,679 physicians quoted would dare say over his signature that tobacco is harmless. Such a statement would brand him as woefully ignorant or brazenly untruthful.—*H. J. C.*

The Reading Habit

A SWEET old man, bent with the weight of many years, once said that the most important event in his eventful life was the reading, as a small boy, of Christ's words, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

This man read wisely and thoughtfully.

Our prisons are full of men, and frequently some of them are led to the gallows, who might trace their downfall to the reading of some lurid or filthy tale.

Possibly they read thoughtfully, but certainly not wisely.

The world is full of good books. Public libraries, and often those privately owned, are open to him who thirsts for knowledge. Even in isolated communities good reading matter may usually be found by the earnest seeker. Through books we may have fellowship with the world's choicest minds, and be stimulated, encouraged and educated thereby.

Unfortunately there are a multitude of books and magazines that are decidedly unwholesome. For the sake of making a few dollars, or because they delight in that which suggests evil, writers create stuff which is worse than trash, for it defiles the minds of those who read it. Particularly during the impressionable years of youth it requires very little to set in motion a train of thoughts which if not counteracted will lead to destruction.

The matter of reading is sufficiently important that the Savior has given instruction thereon, both anciently and in modern times. Addressing a multitude of Jews, he said: "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." Speaking through the Prophet Joseph Smith: "And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study and also by faith."

Some find it hard to select reading matter. But within the range of every person's acquaintance are people who can give sound advice on this matter. That is one way by which men and women may "teach one another words of wisdom."—*H. J. C.*

Two Great Opportunities

DURING the early days of October, in Salt Lake City, the people of this intermountain country will be given two valuable opportunities for development. One is the semi-annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints which convenes in the Tabernacle October 3. The instruction given there will doubtless be of a spiritual nature but well balanced with advice on the temporal needs of the community. Men divinely called, who live near to and understand the people and know their condition, will give counsel which, if heeded, will result in salvation, here and now, where salvation naturally begins, as well as exaltation in the herafter.

The other event is the Utah State Fair. Because of the visitors to the city at this time, the fair attracts many from neighboring states. One interested in agriculture, horticulture, live stock, manufacturing, etc., can hardly fail to absorb ideas of value by attending this exhibition.—H. J. C.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. 33-41 OCTOBER, 1930 No. 12

A Guest at the White House Talks

By
MRS. REED SMOOT

MRS. REED SMOOT

HAVING just returned home from Washington where I was a guest of President and Mrs. Herbert Hoover at the White House, I have been requested to write a brief description of my experiences. It is one of the most difficult things I have ever been asked to do and for a number of reasons. In the first place I was the guest of the head of the greatest country on earth, and a guest is not supposed to talk. In the next place, by being a guest of the President and Mrs. Hoover, my honeymoon plans were very definitely changed. In the third place, if I gave a true expression of my feelings, I should undoubtedly use too many superlatives.

SENATOR REED SMOOT

To appreciate my feelings as an honored guest of the President of the United States and the first lady of the land, you must know that I came to Salt Lake City as a little girl from England, one member of a family of six, my widowed mother having become a convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Can you imagine any little girl, coming across the ocean and almost the width of the United States as a little emigrant, dreaming that she would ever become the wife of a senator of the United States, a man who has for many years distinguished himself in both nation and Church? Is it not beyond the realm of imagination for such a girl to see herself, with her distinguished husband, the honored guest of the head of the United States Government?

WE had decided to spend our honeymoon on a trip to Hawaii. All our plans had been made before Senator Smoot received word from President Hoover that he might aid in combating an attack on the London Naval Treaty, a definite policy of the Hoover administration. The President in his graciousness requested the Senator and myself to be guests at the White House. Regardless of that invitation, the wish of the President of the United States would have been considered a command. We went as fast as possible and at times the two weeks there seem almost a dream.

It is needless to say that every dignified, sweet, graceful thing that could be done to make our stay pleasant, was done. When we reached Washington one of the President's cars took us immediately to the White House. We were presented to Mrs. Hoover and assigned to the Rose Room suite. It is hardly necessary to say that President and Mrs. Hoover are probably the best educated, most traveled, and best read occupants the White House has ever had. While dignity marks every thing they do, good taste and the homely virtues of real Americanism are always apparent. To illustrate: The first thing President and Mrs. Hoover did was to give a wedding breakfast in our honor at which the only other guests present were the Senator's and my children. This breakfast was served on the front porch of the White House. It will long be remembered. Can you imagine the thoughtfulness which made the first function in

our honor a sort of family affair which permitted us the opportunity to receive the congratulations and best wishes of those most dear to us? I shall never forget that breakfast and the enjoyment of sitting on that porch looking out on one of the most beautiful parks in the country and having come to my mind the thought of the distinguished hosts and guests who had occupied these same places over many, many years of different administrations. Do you wonder at the temptation to use superlatives?

THE breakfast carried into luncheon, which was served for President and Mrs. Hoover, Senator Smoot and myself. After luncheon I had an opportunity to get acquainted with the Rose Room suite, which is located on the second floor of the White House and consists of two rooms and bath. The furniture is upholstered in rose brocaded satin. The high-back chairs and quaint old canopied bed once occupied by Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, are in this suite. The drapes are of rose satin. In fact practically everything is rose in color, even to the blotters and pencils upon the writing desk. A few pictures of interesting scenes are hung on the walls and the rooms were a veritable bower of pink roses, fresh ones being brought each morning and arranged by the house attendants.

I rested until four-thirty in the afternoon when Mrs. Hoover entertained in my honor, and I had the great pleasure of meeting some of the most charming women in the United States including Mrs. William H. Borah of Idaho, Mrs. Brown, wife of the Postmaster General; Mrs. Dale, wife of the Senator from Vermont; Mrs. Dolly Gann, sister and hostess to the Vice President; Mrs. Hyde, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture; Mrs. Stimson, wife of the Secretary of State; and Mrs. Wilbur, wife of the Secretary of the Interior.

DINNERS in the White House are formal affairs. At my first dinner in the White House the program of guests was most imposing. President Hoover escorted me and Senator Smoot escorted Mrs. Hoover. During the course of the dinner I had the privilege of telling the President of some of the work that is being done by our Church and particularly by the Primary Association in which I have been interested particularly in our programs commemorating "Child Health Day." The movement to celebrate May first as "Child Health Day" was inaugurated by President Hoover himself.

After dinner we were entertained with moving pictures of the Byrd expedition to the South Pole. We then conversed until about eleven o'clock when the President and Mrs. Hoover left, expressing pleasure that we had been guests. So ended the first glorious day.

WHITE HOUSE AND GROUNDS

The days that followed were fully occupied. Luncheons and dinners, shopping, driving, walking; and the best part of it was always being surrounded by persons of note and our loved ones. The memory of some of the drives I had with Mrs. Hoover through beautiful Rockcreek Park and some of those with members of our families into Virginia for luncheon at some quaint and charming inn, will never leave my mind. There were days when I would go to the Senate and meet Senator Smoot and have luncheon with him. I was constantly meeting distinguished men and women who told me the most pleasant things about the man with whom I was having a honeymoon. They praised his integrity and his loyalty and marveled at his capacity for work.

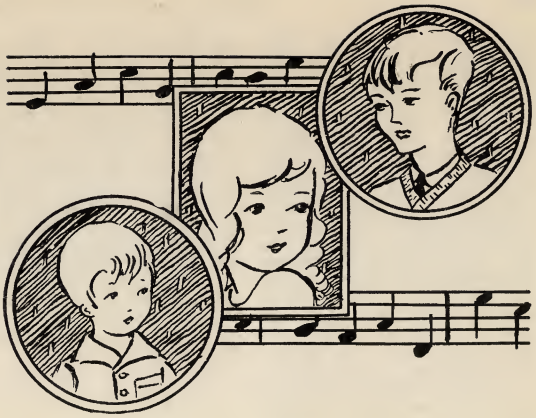
ALL this made a very great impression on me, knowing that about twenty-eight years before there was a tremendous fight to keep the Senator from taking his seat—and today he is known and admired nationally and internationally.

The head of the greatest business on earth is the President of the United States, and he is perhaps the hardest worked man in the world. The White House is not only the President's residence, but the clearing house of every interest of importance to the hundred and twenty-two million people in the United States. One of the most interesting things to me was the perfect order in which the White House is administered. One is requested to be present at dinner, is informed in advance whom she is going to be seated next to, and items which will be of common interest are mentioned. Mrs. Hoover is an ideal hostess. Not a detail escapes her. There is no pretense in the White House un-

(*Continued on page 794*)

Masterpiece

By
MRS. C. R. KNOWLES



THE last child had been put to bed. The last face washed, the last prayer said and the last goodnight kiss given, and Anna, the mother, the washer and the giver, sat with head bowed and eyes closed. She was tired! Every muscle in her body cried it as she allowed herself to relax. Thus she sat for a few moments until sleep, the mother of men, had almost taken her into its fold.

Suddenly she awakened with a start and smiled much as a child smiles when he awakens on Christmas morning and remembers what the day holds for him.

Anna arose from the old rocking chair and as she walked across the room it seemed as though all fatigue had left her. Her face shone with eagerness, hope, even beauty and determination.

Anna was about to begin her nightly pilgrimage, to walk softly across the room over the worn carpet, past the shabby furniture and into a little cream-colored room, a small little cream-colored room with a grand piano in the corner. This was Anna's heaven. Her music room!

"The last child had been put to bed."

It was also part of her nightly pilgrimage to enter that room with the air of a queen, to bow gracefully to an imaginary audience and smile very sweetly. Then to sit at the piano and allow her fingers to run lightly, softly, over the keys. Her pilgrimage was then at an end! She was in the land of dreams. She was a princess in the arms of a lovely prince, she was a Joan of Arc, hearing voices. Grimy faces, hungry mouths, quarreling children, all were forgotten in the land of make-believe that she created with her music.

THIS particular night as she commenced her pilgrimage she knew that something was wrong. Her feet had a way of dragging as if they were too tired to take her body where it wanted to go. Her shoulders seemed to want to droop, her eyes to close, her hands to drop limply to her sides. Her whole body told her that she should lie down and rest but her heart and soul bade her keep on.

A cry escaped her lips. "I must do it—or I can't go on," and even as she spoke she was bowing to her imaginary audience and trying to smile. But the smile was mechanical. Then she was at her piano and her fingers were pushing the keys. She tried to create her world of make-believe but it would not come.

Tonight she saw herself as she really was — a weary, careworn woman of thirty with three hungry children to feed. Not a princess nor a Joan of Arc! She was nothing but a tired and discouraged mother.

Anna's fingers ceased their mechanical pushing of the keys and as her head dropped to her breast she gave way to tears of anger and despair.

Oh! what a fool she was. What a fool she had always been. She should be a concert pianist now! Oh, she would have been! Ten years ago she was giving small concerts at symphony halls. She had had great promise for the future. As she sobbed she told herself that she might have been on a concert stage now in a rose-colored evening dress bowing to a real audience. She should have a beautiful home, a car, servants. Instead—oh the irony of it. Instead she was nothing at all.

As the tears coursed down her cheeks she reviewed her life much as one looks over a written manuscript. She saw herself as she had been ten years ago. Anna Simmons! Concert pianist! She had been beautiful then, she had loved life and—she had loved a tall young man. He had loved her, too. That's when the trouble had started—when Anna married this young man. Oh, he had been handsome enough to turn any girl's head. But Anna had come to know that he had not been worth the sacrifice she had made. He had left her when he knew the last little one was coming!

HER poor babies! Tall Jack with his sensitive mouth, slender Elsie with her brown curls. Little chubby David with his winning ways. And she had dreamed of so much for them and now they would grow up in poverty because

her arms were growing tired. Growing tired because of the tasks they had to perform! She opened her eyes only to gaze at her rough, red hands. Hands that took in washing to support her babies, hands that sewed house aprons until they were weary! Hands that should be soft and white, rippling over ivory keys! Anna brought those hands down on the keys with a terrific bang and jumped to her feet. Anna, the washer woman, the seamstress, Anna who at one time had prayed that she might create a masterpiece that would thrill the hearts of humanity. She gave a bitter laugh. So this was what happened to one's career!

A croupy cough came from the large room that served as dining room and sleeping room. A choking, frightening cough that struck terror to Anna's heart! It was David! Her baby!

Anna brushed the tears from her eyes and ran to the room. "David boy! David baby! Mother's coming."

SHE forgot that she was a wash woman, a seamstress—she only knew that her baby was ill.

Twenty minutes later the choking cough had ceased, the fear had gone from Anna's eyes and she was holding David in her arms rocking him back and forth.

"Mummy," the little voice was sleepy and drowsy, "Mummy."

"Yes, dear baby."

"I'se tired."

"Yes, dear, go to sleep."

"Mummy, sing."

"Yes, dear," and her voice crooned a soothing lullaby.

The baby in her arms opened his eyes dreamily, sleepily. "My pretty mamma, my pretty mamma," and sleep captured him.

Anna stopped rocking and looked at the sleeping child. "Pretty mamma." Her voice was slow and wondering. "Pretty mamma."

She laid the sleeping child in his bed. She turned and almost ran to the glass. She peered at the face reflected therein. Pretty? Why, she wasn't bad looking. Her hand went to her dark hair and pushed it forward, framing her face. Her hair was still black and shiny. She gazed at her face and felt of her skin. Yes, there were a few wrinkles, but—they were actually becoming! And then Anna gazed into her own eyes. They were filled with tears. Tears of anger, of despair? No, tears of happiness. For Anna knew she was loved.

She walked slowly over to where her three children lay sleeping. Through tear-filled eyes she could see Jack with his sensitive mouth. She gazed at the thin hands on the coverlet. Those were the hands of an artist! A new eagerness came into her eyes. Her children should be what she had wanted to be! Jack should play the piano, Elsie should play the violin and David should sing in a deep, sweet voice. They would be great. She would teach them!

ANNA gazed again at the sleeping children and then sank to her knees. Her eyes closed and she lifted her head.

"Dear God," she prayed. "Forgive me for being so ungrateful. I am the most blessed of all women. My prayers have been answered. I asked for the gift of music. Thou hast given me music from heaven—the laughter and song of my little ones. I asked that I might create a masterpiece. Thou hast given me three masterpieces upon which to work!—The souls of my children. Help me, oh help me to make them perfect!" and the dark head bowed.

A Guest at the White House Talks

(*Continued from page 792*)

der its present direction. Simplicity, order, graciousness prevail. While there we frequently had breakfast on the large front porch with the President and Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Stark McMullan of Palo Alto, California, who was also a White House guest. After the first morning, when it was found that the Senator and I did not use tea or coffee, milk was added to the menu. And furthermore I did not see a single woman smoke while I was in the White House.

ONE of the interesting things that usually followed dinner was the serving of new varieties of fresh fruit from the Burbank Experimental Farm of California. One evening I took what I thought was a plum and found that it contained the stone of a peach and had the flavor of a pear.

Our trip to the President's Camp on the Rapidan River, a motor ride of one hundred miles from the White House, was of tremendous interest to me. The reason Senator Smoot and I were guests was that the London Naval Treaty was to come up at the special session of congress. That treaty had its inception when President Hoover and Prime Minister McDonald of Great Britain spent some days at the Rapidan Camp. With the treaty a practically accomplished fact, Rapidan Camp must always be of historical importance, not only as a summer residence of the President of the United States, but because of the treaty involving the principal great governments of the world. Among those present at the President's Camp while we were there were President and Mrs. Hoover, Secretary of Navy Patrick Hurley, Senators Allen of Kansas, Thomas of Idaho, Vandenburg of Michigan, and Hebart of Rhode Island; Commander Boon, the President's physician; Congresswoman Mrs. Rogers of Massachusetts, Mrs. Stark McMullan, and Mr. William Wilde, noted press correspondent. Most of these guests had visited Utah and were familiar with the wonders of the scenery here. They were interested in asking questions and in talking about their experiences in this state.

In concluding this article, I can say that in all my life I never met a more charming and gracious hostess than Mrs. Hoover. She is never idle; is fully alive to everything that is going on; can pick up a bit of fancy work and carry out her own designs. One interesting design that I saw for a plaque, was from her own sketch of the Washington Monument in cherry-blossom time.

POETRY

Trivial

By Alberta Huish Christensen

SO trivial these little tasks
That claim the hour;
So much a part of dull necessity,
They seem to be
Mere finite atoms of entirety.

And yet one can't forget—
Alluring chair, sun-varnished in a room;
A bowl of blossoms in a window space,
And tiny frocks, smooth-ironed into place;
The clean swept walk inviting to my door
His welcome step—his smile that mutely asks.
Are they so trivial, these little tasks?

Memories

By Gladys Hendrickson

WHEN you are gone
And I'm alone
I think of you.

I live again
The happy hours,
The skies of blue.

The crooning winds,
The sudden showers
That strike the grass
And drench the road,
But quickly pass—

Raindrops that catch
A ray of sun,
Gold in the heart
Of every one.

Tall, nodding, trees,
A camp fire's gleam,
Bare granite peaks
A sparkling stream.

These are the things
I dwell upon
When I'm alone—
When you are gone.

Silver Gleams

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

TALL lilies in my garden take
A frailer beauty from the night,
And sway toward me in the peace
Of gentle breeze and mystic light.

The columbine now has the charm
Of one grown in a fairy land,
Petunias climb to greet a rose
That borders on a silver strand.

The space of lawn is velvet draped
In darker hues and daisy shod;
The sky is close with placid brow
And calmly views a silver sod.

Poetry

ANOTHER Autumn is here, marking the close of the first year of "Era" poetry and the dawn of a new one. The plan of devoting an entire page to one author has become increasingly difficult in the face of the great number of lovely bits which continue to appear under the names of more or less familiar writers. Take those on this very page—a touch of homely philosophy; a wish and the thrill of trees; a glimpse of old Spain, and the patter of raindrops; memories and gleams of silver—these put into life new meaning and new charm.

The heart-warming part about poetry is that it says for us the things which we, inarticulate, have been unable to say for ourselves.

Raindrops

By Grace Ingles Frost

RAINDROPS—hear them singing, singing to the grass!
Like tiny silver elfin wings they tap against the glass
Of latticed panes land skylight; they patter on stone walks,
And flit and flirt with blossoming delphiniums and phlox,
Zinnias and baby breath, hollyhocks and roses,
And leave a mist like diamond dew on all the gay-clad posies.

Raindrops kiss the rippling leaves and weave themselves in fancies
Of little, gleaming fairy forms doing weird dances;
They dive into the pool or brook and magic circles fling,
And leave with a reviving touch every growing thing;
Then, with tiptoeing, twinkling feet, they all too fleetly pass,
But leave their print of loveliness behind them on the grass.

Pastoral

By Joseph Heber Smart

WHAT are the things that thrill me? These:
The lonely majesty of trees,—
A partridge drumming to his mate,
The cattle lowing at the gate,
The mists that from far pastures rise,
A rift of blue through rain-drenched skies,
The swallows' last mysterious flight
Into the spreading web of night,
The breath of laurel on the air,
White roads that reach to anywhere.
But more than all the rest of these,
The lonely majesty of trees.

Roof Tiles from Spain

By Grace McKinstry

THEY look so old, so dull, in scattered piles
Around that building rising from the sand
You wonder why men brought them countless miles
To roof a structure in a rich, new land.
Does not this land of ours make strong, new tiles
Unfaded, smooth? But dream, and understand!
Dream that beyond each tile you see the man
At work in Spain, some century gone by,
Who formed it—artist, more than artisan:
He molded its soft curve across his thigh,
And when the firing followed, rose and tan
Became the dull clay,—pleasing to his eye.

Dream that a peaceful convent there in spain
Was sheltered by these very tiles you see,
That patient nuns, to whom all pomp was vain,
Beneath them made the cross and bent the knee.
Or, if you will, dream of a scene less plain,
Proud Dons, and old Seville's gaiety.

Dream how the colors grew more soft and deep
As centuries of rain and sun and mist
Enriched the tiles, and made the tone they keep
A blended russet, green, and amethyst;
Now time's own roughness makes the sunbeams leap
To catch the color in each groove and twist.

America has her own yesterday
Close-linked with Spain—and in these rushing hours
She can look back a moment, smile and say,
"Once came De Leon to the Land of Flowers!"
Old tiles,—her romance comes again to stay
Wherever they shall guard her roofs and towers.

Wish

By Ardyth M. Kennelly

IF I were to die now,
Tonight, in my sleep,
I should want to remember
The moon.
I should want to remember
The feel of the wind.
And more than anything else
I should want to remember
Your hair in the sun—
Then I should not mind
The loneliness of long winters—.

Neighbor Anne

By

JESSIE MILLER ROBINSON

"LAN' sakes, Seth! There you set, an now Bat's gobbled up my bread rolls!" exclaimed Anne Tompkins in despairing reproach. Her husband, absorbed in his mail order journal, had failed to note the entrance of the ravenous pup.

"Didn't see the brute," he drawled. "Reg'lar boa-constrictor, ain't he?"

"I must have left the door to the lean-to open as I went out, an' he was in that quick an' got 'em off the chair near the range. Hurry, Seth, an' give him a dose of medicine before those rolls begin to swell. Oh, what will we do if anything happens to Miranda's white bull terrier?"

Once again ensconced in his easy rocker by the kitchen window, Seth grumbled: "Don't see why you had to take the whole Hunt menagerie. That blame parrot of hers wakes me at 6 a. m. with its 'I'll tell the world!' That dog chewed up one of my best boots—and you spend hours night and morning feeding the animals."

"Why, Seth Tompkins!" said Anne, vigorously kneading another batch of rolls. "You know I always take care of Miranda Hunt's pets when she goes away. She pays for their feed, so we shouldn't complain. Of course there is a lot of 'em,—the magpie, Poll the parrot, Silverlegs the cat and Battling Nelson the dog."

"Hain't you forgotten some? And—is it appreciated? No, the more we do for folks, the less they do for us." Seth never failed to include himself in Anne's neighborly deeds.

"Now, Seth," soothed his wife, "you know we don't do any more than we should."

SETH'S mouth tightened as he bent over his magazine. For the thirty years of their married life everyone ill or in trouble in the small mining town had come to Anne for comfort or help.

"Lan' sakes, Seth!"

Still, whenever Seth looked at Anne he grudgingly admitted that, somehow, his wife had thrived upon her neighbors' imposition. Though she was nearing fifty, no silver threads were visible in her soft brown hair. Her small body was plump and straight; her cheeks were rosy, and her eyes bright. At that very minute, she was humming a gay little tune. Well, women had to have someone to fuss over. Things might have been different if their boy had lived—then, Anne wouldn't have found time for those pesky neighbors and their pets. But, bless her heart, Anne was the best woman in the world. She loved neighbors, animals and flowers, and—wonder of wonders — she loved Seth Tompkins, who was no beauty nor saint nor great success. He was just a big, fat, bald-headed old man, often grouchy, and perfectly satisfied with his clerkship in a small town grocery and general merchandise store.

The next day, Anne hung out an unusually large washing for there had been boarding visitors that week. At luncheon, even Seth noted the weary look of the little woman seated beside him.

"Now, Anne, you just lay down for a spell, and I'll do the dishes before I go to the store," he said, as he arose and filled the teakettle.

"No, Seth, thank you—there's only a few. I won't have you putterin' around." Anne was a fussy housekeeper and Seth never did wipe the dishes clean.

SLIPPING on a kimono, she was preparing to take Seth's advice and rest for awhile, when through the white-curtained window she saw the angular figure of her neighbor down the street climbing the wooden stairway that led to the Tompkins' cottage. Like all the houses of the mining town, it was perched perilously on the slope of the steep hillside.

Anne was tempted not to answer the knock, but Mrs. Bench bounced in, barely tapping the door, feeling certain that Anne was at home.

"You're so handy, Mrs. Tompkins," she said breathlessly, as she began to unwrap the package she held in one hand. "I jest come to see if you could help me cut out this dress for Matilda. I guess I got a five yard pattern for four yards of cloth."

Anne belted herself in with an apron, put on her glasses, and proceeded to puzzle out how to make the scant cloth do what was expected of it.

She finally cut the pattern to their mutual approval, but Jane Bench was in no hurry to go.

"You don't mind, Mrs. Tompkins, if I stay and use your machine? Your machine's new, and there's so much noise to home—seems as if I could get more done here than there." Hardly waiting for Anne's assent, she was soon treadling with energy. She talked and talked, her voice rising stridently above the whir of the sewing machine.

OUT of doors in the slanting square that the Tompkins' called their front yard, Bat the pup began to bark without intermission. His banquet of bread

rolls the day before did not lessen his loud hatred of strangers.

"Well, I do declare if that ain't Rosa Cappolini coming here!" shouted Mrs. Bench, peering out of the window.

Anne heaved an inward sigh. Her head ached and the last prospect of an afternoon nap had fled.

"Yes, I wonder if she's got another hand painted pillow top she wants to raffle off, or maybe she'd like an old hat or suit for one of the little Cappolinis. Well, If Rosa only knew it, talking to Bat makes him bark the more. Guess I'll have to go call him."

Anne shortly ushered in the stout, dark-faced woman who was quite out of breath from trying to evade the dog and climb the steep stairs at the same time. Before her departure, Anne had rummaged through closet and rag bag and given her a large bundle of old clothing.

A few moments later, the telephone bell trilled faintly above the din of the sewing machine.

"Hello—hello—. Yes, Amanda, I'll take him. All right, bring him over tomorrow at two o'clock."

"You don't mean to say you're goin' to take care of that Treweek youngster!" Jane Bench still screamed, though she had quit sewing for a moment. "Why, he's the crossest and most colicky baby in town!"

"Yes, he ain't very strong, bless his heart! You know I helped bring him into the world, an' Amanda hasn't any folks she can leave him with—an' she does need to get out to a movie once in a while—poor young thing!"

"Well, I give you up, Anne Tompkins, catch me bein' so accommodatin' to anyone that never done me a good turn." She evidently did not include herself in this category.

ALTHOUGH this time Bat failed to announce an arrival, again there was a summons at the door. Anne opened it to a tall youth, well dressed in tweeds. He was selling aluminum cooking utensils. The bull-terrier, usually the arch enemy of canvassers, was nuzzling his soft black nose in the young man's hand. This astonishing fact as well as his appearance appealed to Anne, and she allowed him to come in. A good talker—soon he had taken orders for his wares from the two women.

"I guess I've climbed miles today," he half-sighed, as he packed his pots and pans. "I'm glad all the towns aren't built like this one."

"Do let me make you a glass of lemonade," urged Anne. "It'll rest you."

"Thank you, madam, I believe it would," he replied and reseated himself.

"By the way," he remarked to Mrs. Bench after Anne left the room, could you tell me the name of Mrs. Tompkins' next door neighbor?"

"Oh, there ain't much use callin' on Mirandy Hunt," shouted Jane Bench who had resumed her sewing. "She'll shut the door in your face like as not. She's always sayin' that the more she sees of men the better she likes dogs."

The boy laughed. "A sort of hermit woman, eh? But why is she so hard on us men?"

ANNE coming in with the liquid, answered him. "Well, Mrs. Hunt hain't had good luck with men-folks. Her husband never made a livin,' so she come out here from Boston and kept a miners' boardin' house. Then after Mr. Hunt died some of the mining shares he'd bought with her money turned out fine an' left her well off. An' before that, her only nephew who she raised an' set great store by run away, an' she hain't heard from him since. Guess she was pretty strict with him, still she can't help feelin' he was very ungrateful. But I mustn't talk about folks behind their backs—she's out o' town. Miranda has a good, warm heart, an' she shows it by her kindness to animals—this is her dog, Bat. She named him Battling Nelson, 'cause he's such a scrapper."

SILVERLEGS AND POLL

"Yes," added Mrs. Bench, "she sure has enough pets, just a magpie, a parrot, a cat an' dog—that's all."

"Well, she can't be lonely," said the young man. "Did you say her name was Miranda Hunt? I should like to meet her—but I must be going. That was delicious, Mrs. Tompkins. I thank you for your kindness. If I am unable to deliver your goods personally, they will be sent collect by parcel post from the factory. Will Mrs. Hunt be at home soon?"

"No," replied Anne," not for several days. Anyhow, there's no use callin' on her, young man, even if you are a good talker."

"Well, it's a feather in my cap when I can sell to people like her." There was a determined ring to his words.

Anne watched him as he went down the steep wooden steps, carrying his heavy suitcase of samples. Strong and handsome—a fine lad making his way in the world without any help. Little Seth would have been just his age — she brushed her hand across her eyes, and closed the door.

"You shouldn't have told him Mirandy wasn't to home," said Mrs. Bench. "Lots of these peddlers are jest burglars in disguise. He seemed so curious, too, about Mirandy. And it was kind of suspicious the way he made friends with her dog."

"I know that young man is all right," firmly declared Anne.

HER neighbor stayed all afternoon. Anne hoped that Mrs. Bench would leave before Seth came home for she knew he thoroughly disliked this gossip-loving woman. But when he arrived, Mrs. Bench was still there. She needed no urging to stay to the evening meal.

As the three were seated at the table and Mrs. Bench was praising Anne's pineapple marmalade, an unearthly sound rent the air.

"Gracious, what's that?" ejaculated Mrs. Bench.

"Oh, that's Silverlegs, Miran-

(*Continued on page 842*)

FATHERS AND SONS, AS STEADFAST AS THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS

Canada and the Church Centennial

By FRANK C. STEELE

THE greatest Fathers and Sons' outing in the history of the world."

This was the unqualified declaration of Oscar A. Kirkham, executive secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A., and internationally known boy leader, in his opening address at the remarkable Church Centennial father-son celebration of the Canadian stakes held early in August, 1930. More than 1,300 attended the bonfire ceremonial on the opening night of the camp and this number had grown to 1,500 when a new fellowship between lads and dads was pledged at the campfire the second night.

The outing far exceeded all anticipations. It was big, distinctive, far-reaching. Into the heart of the Canadian Rockies on Pass creek, Waterton National park, gathered this vast assemblage of Latter-day fathers and sons. Every ward in the three Canadian stakes was represented. The site selected was ideal, with majestic mountains, clothed with deep verdure, encircling the camp. Pass creek, crystal clear and cold, rushes through the valley and on its banks near the camp were found several springs. These supplied the campers with an abundance of water. A large clearing, sheltered and grassy, with groves of pines and aspens affording shade during the day, provided ideal camping space. In the center of the camp rose the Union Jack and at intervals along the lines of tents fluttered gaily the stake flags and the colors of the various Boy Scout troops represented.

CONTRIBUTING leadership and inspiration to the camp with Oscar A. Kirkham, was W. O. Robinson, field secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Salt Lake City. Much of the success of the tri-stake project was due to their studied guidance and experience. Dr. C. M. Fletcher, Boy Scout leader of the Lethbridge stake, was elected camp director and the outing was singularly free from accidents, sickness or breaches of camp regulations. There was no profanity heard and no smoking or drinking noticed in that large group. The days and nights passed delightfully, happily and all too swiftly. The fine morale in the camp was commended by Wilfred Backman, field secretary of the Boy Scouts of Alberta, who was a guest at camp headquarters for the two full days the fathers and sons were under canvas.

A significant international touch was introduced the second night when Oscar Kirkham presented Scout Chief Backman with a little silk flag, the Stars and Stripes, carried by that great American Scout, our executive secretary, from the World Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead. This prized flag was given as a symbol of the love and goodwill of the Boy Scouts of America for their brother scouts in Alberta. In replying, Mr. Backman accepted the flag on behalf of the Boy Scouts of Alberta and assured the gathering that it would be treasured at Scout headquarters in Edmonton.

The campfire programs were

supplied by the different stakes, stake Presidents Wood, Allen and Palmer making happy contributions. These huge bonfires, climaxing the day's activities, were held in a natural amphitheatre not unlike an ancient Greek theatre, and the hymns and songs swelling from hundreds of hearts echoed for miles through the canyons and crags of the high Rockies. A testimony profound it was that the youth of the Church in Canada will carry on.

INSPIRATION HIKE up beautiful Red Rock canyon, was one of the many thrilling experiences of the outing. When the fathers and sons reached a lovely meadow far up the mountain side, President Palmer of the Lethbridge stake gave an interesting talk on the geology of the Rocky Mountain region, the mountains themselves providing the laboratory.

Another feature of the celebration, sponsored by the Y. M. M. I. A., preceding the hike to the hills, was the marking of an historical spot at Cardston, first settlement of the Latter-day Saints in Canada. This interesting ceremony, commemorative of the landing of the vanguard of the "Mormon" pioneers to Canada led by the late President Charles Ora Card 43 years ago, was held on the temple square at Cardston in the presence of hundreds from the three stakes. Each ward of the three stakes brought a stone to be used in the building of the memorial to the pioneers. Many documents, relics and records were placed in a unique marble box, which was deposited in the foundation of the cairn.

These historical events in the life of the Church in Canada recall the important contribution the dominion of Canada has made to the rise and growth of the Church in this dispensation. At a critical hour in the early history of the Church, the Lord revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith that in missionary work abroad lay the means of salvation.

IT was toward Great Britain that the eyes of the prophet were turned but it was through Britain's New World colony, Canada—now grown to full nationhood in the great British Commonwealth—that the fruitful contact in the British Isles was established.

At the time of the organization of the Church in 1830 the dominion was divided into Upper and Lower Canada. Lower Canada or Quebec was largely populated by French-Canadians and Upper Canada by English-speaking settlers many of whom were of United Empire Loyalist stock, men and women who, through loyalty to the British connection, had migrated to Canada at the time of the American Revolutionary war. It was a frontier country where sturdy pioneers were hewing out of the wilderness a home for themselves and their children.

PRESIDENT HEBER S. ALLEN DEPOSITING THE RELICS

Into this new land came the first message of the Gospel three years after the organization of the Church. In 1833 Orson Pratt, a young man in his early twenties and a recent convert, journeyed into Canada as a missionary, for the spirit of missionary work had rested upon him even from the hour he inquired of the Lord as to his duty in the Church in 1830, which supplication brought an answer through the Prophet Joseph comprising Section 34 of the Doctrine and Covenants in which the Lord exhorts Orson to "Lift up your voice and spare not, for the Lord God hath spoken; therefore prophesy, and it shall be given by the power of the Holy Ghost."

IN the fall of that year Canada received a visit from none other than the young prophet himself who with Sidney Rigdon sounded

the Gospel message in Upper Canada.

Meetings were held at Brantford, Mount Pleasant, Colborn, Waterford, and other places where some success was obtained. At Mount Pleasant in particular the new Gospel, the new revelation, moved many honest hearts and on Sunday, October 27, Orson baptized twelve and others were "deeply impressed, and desired another meeting." At this meeting, held on the Monday in the evening, the baptized believers were confirmed members of the Church and given the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. The sacrament was administered and the Spirit of the Lord made manifest in great power. Tenderly, and prayerfully, the prophet writes in his journal: "O God, establish thy word among this people. * * * May God carry on his work in this place till all shall know him." Before turning their steps again toward Kirtland, headquarters of the Church at that time, F. A. Nickerson was ordained an elder and at this service one of the sisters recently baptized and confirmed enjoyed the gift of tongues "which made the saints rejoice exceedingly."

THE work commenced by these early messengers of "Mormonism" to Canada was richly added upon in 1836 by Elder Parley P. Pratt who traveled to the city of Toronto preaching with marked success. The field was "ripe with the harvest" and among the converts made by this zealous missionary was John Taylor, a Methodist preacher, and truly a man of destiny for he later became a member of the council of the twelve apostles and after the migration of the Church to Utah succeeded Brigham Young to the exalted office of president of the Church.

Years passed and the Church, following the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, was driven into the wilderness, the destination of the harassed Church being the Rocky Mountain region as had been foretold by the prophet. It may be interjected here that at the assassination of Joseph Smith at Carthage, Ill., the Canadian apostle, John Taylor, was associated with his leader, being wounded four times by the bullets fired from the muskets of the ruffians. The wound did not prove fatal and John Taylor, destined as he was to play a further and foremost role in the rise of the Church in the valleys of the mountains, moved with the Saints to the west there to assist in their establishment and subsequent expansion.

Mention has already been made that Elder John Taylor succeeded President Brigham Young as president of the Church, and it is an interesting coincidence that seven years after the Canadian apostle succeeded to the high office of presidency in Utah, 1887, a party of "Mormon" pioneers headed by the late Charles Ora Card of Cache Valley established a settlement for the Saints in the southwest corner of Alberta, Canada. That settlement was Cardston on Lee's creek. now shadowed by the white, noble walls of the Alberta Temple, symbol of the strength and permanency of the Church in the Dominion of Canada.

PRESIDENT CARD and his companions were sent north to select a gathering place for the Saints in Canada. That was in the fall of 1886. They traveled through Washington, Oregon and British Columbia, but when their eyes surveyed the country between the Montana line and the little, straggling settlement of Coalbanks (now Lethbridge) they soon came to a decision. This was the place for the new colonies, the expansive, grass-clad prairies, the richness of the soil, the abundance of water, and the hospitable welcome serving to support that decision of their beloved leader. Then, it is possible that the nearby Rockies, thrusting their snow-tipped peaks into the clouds, recalled their mountain home seven hundred miles to the south and the promises made by the prophets of God that Zion should be established in the mountains and "exalted above the hills."

After President Card and his associates had made their report to the First Presidency in Salt Lake City, he and other representatives of the Church returned to Canada and selected the present site of Cardston as the first center for settlement. In June, 1887, President Card and his family and a party of forty others landed at Cardston and June 5 of that year the first religious service was held in a tent. When the Alberta Stake of Zion was organized Charles Ora Card became its president and as such he was the wise and forceful leader in the building of towns and villages, schools and churches, mills and business enterprises in this new gathering place for the Saints. The building of a canal by the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company through the "Mormon country" served as an impetus to immigration from Utah and Idaho, the Latter-day Saints from those states being offered land in exchange for labor in the building of this reclamation project.

In 1901 the late "Uncle" Jesse Knight of Provo and his two sons purchased in Southern Alberta one and a half townships of land on which they ranged six thousand steers and in the fall of the same year fifty-four thousand head of sheep were brought in from Montana by them, they being the first to undertake sheep raising on a large scale in Alberta, now the leading sheep producing province of the dominion. Jesse Knight later acquired 325,000 acres of virgin prairie land from the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company and founded the town of Raymond, named for his son, who still resides there. In 1902 the Knight Sugar Company was formed and a sugar factory was built at Raymond, the new sugar industry resulting in scores of additional L. D. S. families from Utah and Idaho migrating northward to the new settlements.

CHARLES A. MAGRATH, chairman of the International Joint Commission and former member of parliament, says of the "Mormon" colonists and Jesse Knight in particular in his book, "Canada's Growth:" "They have done good work in Southern Alberta. One of the finest characters I have ever met was Jesse Knight, a very prominent mining operator in Utah, a modest gentleman, strong in his faith, who paid his tithes, no inconsiderable amount, to his Church. He came to Southern Alberta with his two sons and accomplished what few men would attempt. He established a beet sugar factory at a cost of half a million dollars on the open prairie without any supporting settlement."

The stakes in Canada have shown steady growth as also has the missionary work in the dominion. The Saints are at peace with their neighbors and face the future with faith and confidence.

A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

By MILTON BENNION

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XI

The Ethical Functions of the State

What Is the Nature of the State, and How Is It Related to Other Social Institutions?

Why May the Major Functions of the State Be Classified as Spiritual?

In What Directions and by What Means Are the Functions of the State Destined to Grow?

THE state is the most universal of all social institutions, in that an individual in a civilized community is bound to come within the jurisdiction of some state. While this is generally true of the family, there are even children who are without family connections, and adults who outlive their childhood family associations and fail to make new ones. In case of the state, however, it cannot be outlived or outgrown. An individual who may wish to escape its jurisdiction can only transfer to another one equally binding.

In many ancient and medieval states the functions of the various social institutions were not definitely segregated, and, in some instances, church and state were not differentiated at all. Thus even the primitive state had many spiritual functions. One of the most notable examples of this was the ancient Hebrew State in Palestine. The Mosaic Law was the law of both state and church. The state exercised the usual compulsory powers over its citizens, a power which characterizes all political government; this power was often used to uphold religious and moral ideals set up by the state-church government.

WITH the separation of church and state there was manifest a disposition to leave human spiritual aims in large measure to the church, while the state concerned itself with what was conceived to be strictly secular matters, the exercise of the police power in the narrower sense of that term. For at least a generation now, however, there has been a growing tendency on the part of the most progressive states to develop more and more spiritual functions, many of them functions heretofore performed either by the family or by the church, sometimes performed well, but often much neglected or not attended to at all. These functions are being taken over by the state as the only guarantee that they will be performed whenever and wherever needed. Thus the state is returning in some measure to its more ancient functions, but on a higher plane of service, and generally apart from the supernatural and sectarian elements of religion.

A concise, yet comprehensive, statement of the functions of the state is given by J. A. Leighton as follows:

> "The State is," as Aristotle finely said, "a body of citizens united in pursuit of the common good. The ethical function of the State is to be the guardian of the ethical interests involved in the other social institutions; in the family, private property, community, vocation, church, education, and the various voluntary associations. It is the indispensable umpire in internal conflicts. The State exists to promote the good life by public acts."[1]

The generally recognized functions of the state may be roughly classified as (1) exercise of police powers, (2) promotion of economic interests, (3) development of cultural interests. While there have been leaders in American political thought who would, in theory at least, have restricted the activities of government to exercise of police powers, these same leaders, in practice, were willing to extend the police powers to such an extent that these powers were made to include much of the other functions of government here listed. There is now, even in the platforms of the major political parties, little disposition to withhold full recognition to all the functions here listed.

[1] *The Individual and the Social Order*, p. 23. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

EXERCISE of police powers is, of course, essential to the existence of the state as well as to the security of its citizens in their lives, liberties, and lawful possessions. These are to the state what food, clothing, and shelter are to the family, conditions necessary for the attainment of spiritual values. The promotion of economic interests is a further development of the function of protecting the citizens in their possessions; it helps them to increase their possessions, individually and collectively, and therefore, to have a better basis for attaining cultural or spiritual values, which is the ultimate and the most fundamental purpose both of the state and of the individual.

What Are Some of These Cultural Values?

ONE of the most widely recognized and universally sought is education, now long established with progressive peoples as a major function of the state. The large sums of money expended for education by the state and its subdivisions is proof of this, but, in itself, no reason for reduction of these expenditures. Thomas Jefferson, the patron saint of Americans who would limit the functions of the government, was especially proud of his authorship of the bill creating the public school system of Virginia, and also

proud to be recognized as founder of the University of Virginia.

All American states are now, apparently, unequivocally committed to the policy of supporting public educational institutions from kindergarten to university. Not only do states provide opportunities to all children and youths who can and will take advantage of them, but they have also, through public libraries, government bulletins, and other means, long been committed to public support, in some degree, of adult education. It is now predicted that general extension of public education for adults will be the next great movement in this field. Some auxiliary phases of education, not always recognized as such, should not be passed without mention. Among these are juvenile courts with all of their accessories, certain types of community clinics, public social welfare departments, research bureaus, art galleries, public recreation departments, including athletic, dramatic, and musical activities; all of these have for their direct object the realization of higher spiritual values and the more general diffusion of such values among the masses of the people.

Why May These Functions of the State Be Classified as Spiritual?

BECAUSE all the educational or cultural activities here named have to do primarily with developing non-material values. These, in philosophy, are classified as spiritual; such non-perishable values are in fact the ultimate goal of all state activity. Any state will live as a significant factor in the history of civilization only in proportion to its contribution to the spiritual possessions of mankind. Compare, for instance, the relative place in history of the most rich and powerful ancient Oriental nations with that of the small city states of Greece or with the economically and politically insignificant Hebrew nation in Palestine.

It may be well here to take the precaution of noting that a state is not to be regarded as identical with its government at any particular time. It is more nearly correct to identify the state with the life of its people as a political unit. It is in this sense that the ancient Greek and Hebrew states outshine and will outlive their materially powerful rivals. The material productions of the Oriental states have, for the most part, long since perished; the spiritual productions of Greece and Palestine have been dominant factors in moulding the best in western civilization. The preeminent influence of the ancient Greek and Hebrew nations bids fair to continue indefinitely. These historic facts have at this time great significance for American citizens who are influential in moulding the future of America. Her vast wealth and economic power, of which many Americans boast and flaunt their wealth defiantly in face of an impoverished old world, will surely perish in course of time. It is only the spiritual contribution that America can make to civilization that will endure and give her a worthy place in history. Just now the call for spiritual gifts from America—gifts which she is abundantly able to give—relate especially to the development of the ideals and the practice of justice, not only within her own borders, but in her relations with all other nations. Is she willing to set aside her power to secure her desired ends by might, and to submit her international problems to an international court of justice on a par with the economically poorest nation? The community of nations are now calling upon America, not merely for fine words—words that may be subject to a multiplicity of interpretations,—but for fine, noble deeds. America's answer to these calls will in large measure determine whether her fundamental aims are of the imperishable spiritual sort, or whether she is selfishly materialistic as she is in some world circles reputed to be.

IN AMERICAN domestic administration there are widespread evidences of progress in at least some phases of justice. Social legislation in the various states has been a marked characteristic of the Twentieth Century. Such legislation has generally been upheld by the courts, notwithstanding ancient legal precedents to the contrary. Enlightened judges are coming more and more to base their decisions upon social facts and human needs, rather than upon mere tradition. It is because of this changed attitude of the American public, reflected in legislation and court decisions, that many social laws are now in successful operation, laws that protect the lives and the health of laborers in industry, women in employment outside the home, and minors against any kind of employment that may be a serious detriment to their development. The general principle underlying this type of state action is that every member of the state shall be protected and respected as an end in himself; that none shall be sacrificed as a means to material gain. These activities of the state may, then, also be classified as spiritual functions.

Closely allied to these functions, in spirit and purpose are hospitals for patients having either mental or physical diseases. The states' activities in establishing such hospitals are on the increase; not that the state is attempting to drive the church and private charity out of this business, but because facilities thus provided are inadequate. It is the purpose of the state to see that these facilities are available to all in need, and that none shall be denied such service because of inability to pay. Add to this widows' pensions, old age pensions, state insurance, and public orphanages, and it becomes at once evident that the state is a rapidly growing and very much alive institution. The justice now administered by the state has ceased to be cold, the eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth variety. The state is keenly alive to human values, to the fact that all material things are to be valued only as means to the promotion of human welfare. It has already been shown that this welfare must be measured ultimately in terms of spiritual values.

THE author of this series is not without practical experience in this field, having served as a local health officer, chairman of a town board of trustees, member of the State Board of Education, of the State Textbook Commission, the State Course of Study Commission, and as chairman of the first Utah State Welfare Commission, also as chairman of the Social Welfare League of Salt Lake, 1920-1930.

In What Directions and By What Means Are the Functions of the State Destined to Grow?

THERE is always some hazard in attempting to predict the future of human institutions. Herbert Spencer, viewing the problem of social evolution from the standpoint of the individualistic political philosophy of the later Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries, looked toward gradual diminution of the functions of government until finally government might be dispensed with altogether. The functions of society would then be carried on wholly by voluntary cooperation. Mr. Spencer was, however, viewing government as restricted to the exercise of police powers in the narrower sense of the term. This noted philosopher himself lived long enough to mourn the failure of his predictions. The development of state functions during the last half century has been very decidedly in the opposite direction. It is apparently perfectly safe to say that the functions of the state in years to come will lie somewhere between the opposite extremes set forth by Plato, on the one hand, and by Herbert Spencer, on the other. Certainly at this time the pendulum is swinging in the direction of Plato's social and political philosophy. We may venture to predict that it will go farther in that direction than it yet has done in America, but that it will never go as far as Plato's Republic portrays.

ANY fair consideration of fundamental and well established principles of social justice will make clear that recent extensions of the functions of the state, as here enumerated, are fully justified and that many American states are delinquent in the administration of justice because they have lagged behind the more progressive states. This is due in part to want of social and political enlightenment on the part of the masses of the citizens and in part to organized interests that oppose every public policy that may mean larger contributions from them to the public treasury. Agents of these special interests in their efforts to mother the state often remind one of that hypothetical real mother who gave orders to the nurse maid to find out what Johnny is doing and tell him to stop. Now Johnny and the state are alike in this, that so long as they are alive they are bound to be doing something. Would it not be the part of wisdom and fairness to all concerned to make a judicious, unbiased, and unselfish study of any proposed state activity in the light of the fundamental assumptions of democracy—equal opportunity and justice to all, including each member of each new generation?

By What Means Are the Ideal Goals of the State to Be Attained?

IN GENERAL terms, by diffusion of social knowledge and ability on the part of the great mass of citizens to form their own social, economic, ethical, and political judgments, together with cultivation of a keener appreciation of justice and the elevation of public above private interests. Many citizens fail to appreciate the fundamental nature of democracy. It is too often thought of as already realized, instead of as being merely in the process of making. The real meaning of some of the basic assumptions of democracy is seldom thought of; for example that of equal opportunity to all. What does this mean with respect to benefits to be derived from the use of the natural resources of the earth? Are these benefits to be equalized for one or two generations of democracy only, or are they to be made available to each new generation for all time? If so, how? If not, has democracy ceased to be?

Are not the progressive public measures enumerated in this paper examples of recognition of the rights of all, and especially of the younger generation, to share in the benefits of the use of natural resources no matter in whose name they may be held as private property? Does not the new generation likewise have a right to share in the benefits derived from social-economic values, values that have been created by the activities of society as a whole, but now held as private property? By what method may the new generation share in the material benefits of these natural and social values if not by the progressive state policies now rapidly coming into use and looking toward equalization of opportunity? The policy, adopted by some representatives of special interests, of denouncing these measures as socialistic, is most unfair and shortsighted. Those who do not like socialism should be especially interested in securing equal rights and opportunities to all under the present system of private ownership of property. There is no surer way of stimulating radical revolutions in political and economic life than by the domination of capitalistic power in its own selfish interest as against just and humanitarian public policies. This is not to decry the accumulation of capital, nor to minimize its service in the economic life of the community; it is only to call attention to the social consequences of abuse of capitalistic power. Such abuse is, however, by no means characteristic of all capitalists, some of whom are among the enlightened, progressive leaders of political thought and action. The state can realize its ideal goals only by cooperative action of the mass of its citizens on the basis of intelligent public interest. This will eliminate antagonism between capital and labor, between producer and manufacturer, between north and south, between east and west. "Therefore, my duty as a citizen is not exhausted by what I bring to the state; my test as a citizen is how fully the whole can be expressed through me."[2]

THIS type of citizenship is not realized through hide bound adherence to a political party irrespective of the policies it may adopt in any particular election. It may be realized by voluntary association of citizens in unselfish promotion of worthy public causes, irrespective of partisan politics. The political parties of long standing too often acquire selfish party interests as detrimental to public welfare as are other selfish interests. "To the victors belong the spoils" is not yet without practical significance.

The value of any method of procedure in civic life is to be judged by the purpose it serves. This purpose can properly be no other than the highest and most

[2]Follett, M. P.—The New State, p. 179. Longmans, Green & Co. New York.

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Was the Earth Created in Six Days of Twenty-four Hours Each?

By
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THE recent cleavage of Christianity along the line of Modernism and Fundamentalism has revived interest in the long-discussed question of the age of the earth, more particularly the time involved in its making. The Modernist regards the account of creation outlined in the first chapter of Genesis as largely figurative and without foundation in historic fact, while the Fundamentalist accepts it as a literal representation of what actually occurred. The six creative periods, ordinarily interpreted as days of twenty-four hours each, are especially objectionable to the Modernist. On the other hand, he is not particularly opposed to the *order* of creative events mentioned in the biblical narrative, since it closely coincides with the chronology revealed in the geological record. The Fundamentalist, however, holds that the earth was created in six days of twenty-four hours, and regards the scriptural statement as sufficient justification for this conclusion.

DISINTERESTED onlookers quite generally regard the attitude of the Modernist as equivalent to a denial of the biblical story, since the account, as it stands alone, is not readily adaptable to more than one interpretation, namely: that placed upon it by the Fundamentalist. Six creative periods are distinctly mentioned, each characterized by light and darkness—day and night. "And God called the light Day and the darkness He called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day." Genesis 1:5.

The Modernist, however, has the following scriptural argument in his favor: Inasmuch as the sun did not come into existence until the fourth day (Genesis 1), it is evident that the light referred to on the first three days, at least, did not come from the sun, and therefore, the "days" were not solar days. Moreover, in the second chapter of Genesis (verse 4) the entire period of creation is spoken of as a single *day*.

Then, too, the Modernist turns to the field of geology in further justification of his claims that the earth is extremely old, and, indeed, it cannot be denied that his conclusions are here perfectly secure, for the geologist has overwhelmingly proved that the earth has been many millions of years in process of creation.

THUS, the Christian world is confronted with a curious condition: The Modernist justifies himself in denying the scriptural story because of certain findings of science, while the Fundamentalist continues to accept it irrespective of scientific discoveries.

THE AUTHOR

The Latter-day Saints are more than passively interested in this question, particularly in view of the fact that the biblical account of creation is repeated, nearly verbatim, in two of our recent scriptures, specifically, the Book of Moses and the Book of Abraham. Accordingly, it is apparent that if the biblical account is abandoned as unsound, the others are likely to fall under the same criticism, perhaps even more severe, for the writings of Moses and Abraham are purported to be an outgrowth of modern revelation, and therefore, should be in strict accord with the scientific discoveries of our time.

IT is instructive to observe, however, that the entire discussion is an outgrowth of the inadequacy of man's understanding, and perhaps also of the incompleteness of the biblical narrative. Thanks to modern revelation, the problem is in no sense disconcerting to the Latter-day Saints, for recent scriptures, which, by the way, appeared before the conflict between Modernism and Fundamentalism arose, offer a complete solution for it. Moreover, if Christianity had been willing to accept these modern scriptures, the conflict with all its misunderstandings and bitterness could have never arisen.

The Book of Abraham, for example, recites the account of creation essentially the same as recorded in the first chapter of Genesis, except that the various "days" are designated as "times." Then, after recounting God's admonitions to Adam in the Garden of Eden concerning the tree of knowledge of good and evil, Abraham parenthetically remarks that *"as yet the*

Gods had not appointed unto Adam his reckoning." (5:13) In other words, the *entire* work of creation had been completed before the present system of measuring time was introduced. The conclusion is certain, therefore, that the six "days" mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis, also in the Book of Moses and the Book of Abraham, could not have been days of twenty-four hours duration.

IN connection with the scripture last cited, Abraham makes it clear that the "day" referred to by Deity within which Adam would die, if disobedient, was a period of a thousand years, but he furnishes no clue concerning the length of the "days" mentioned in connection with the creation of the earth, except that they were not days twenty-four hours long.

The planet Kolob is described by Abraham as being "set nigh unto the throne of God" with a period of revolution equivalent to a thousand years upon the earth, but he gives no information concerning the period of revolution of the planet upon which Deity resides, which might or might not be a measure of the term "day" as employed in the three accounts of creation. In the light of the following, however, even this would be of doubtful value.

The illuminating statement is recorded in the fortieth chapter of Alma, verse twelve, that "*all is one day with God, and time only is measured unto men.*" To Deity, then, time is not divided into periods of equal or even unequal duration— this is done only by man. To Him eternity is one day; in fact, to God there is no such thing as time—a condition extremely difficult to understand by finite man, but none the less true.

INCIDENTALLY it is interesting to note that the revelation of God concerning the non-existence of time antedated scientific discovery fully two thousand years. Today the world is agog with the statement of Einstein that time does not exist, whereas, the Latter-day Saints have known this since 1830, the year of the publication of the first edition of the Book of Mormon.

There are ample reasons for believing that the throne of God is therefore, that periods of darkness continuously illuminated, and, upon it are unknown. Such being the case, "all is one day with God." Speaking of New Jerusalem, the writer of the Book of Revelations says: "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamb is the light thereof * * * And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there." (12:23, 25)

In retrospect, it is not unreasonable to assume that whenever Deity completed a considerable part of the earth, he called his labor a "day," that finite man might in part understand his message, but with no thought that the term would be applied to the revolutions of the earth which was not yet completed. Deity states that revelations are given unto his servants "after the manner of their language, that they might come to understanding." (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 1:24)

THE Latter-day Saint has no part in the controversy concerning the origin of the earth. He knows that God is eternal, that he is the creator of the universe and that to him there is no such thing as time. He knows that God is omnipotent, that he works by natural principles, and, therefore, that the truths of science are equally as sacred as those of the Written Word, for both proceed from the same source.

No, the earth was not created in six days of twenty-four hours each. When viewed in the light of modern revelation, the biblical account of creation is not out of harmony with the findings of geology. There can be no conflict between these two great records, since both came from the Creator to his children.

The dimness of man's vision, influenced at times by his unwillingness to part with coveted tradition, is the basic factor in all problems where the truths of theology and the truths of science appear to be at variance.

A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

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lasting good of all. This calls for appreciation of spiritual values, for faith in fellow-men and good will toward all, for courage to contend for the right under all conditions, and for willingness to give freely of time, thought, and energy to worthy public causes. The advancement of the state will depend upon general response of its citizens to this call, under leadership of the most socially farsighted, unselfish, and morally courageous of their numbers.

THE disposition to work for the larger whole must be extended to the community of nations. No state, however powerful, can live apart from other nations. America's ultimate and highest interest is not in its monopoly of material resources and its possibility of military domination of the world, but in the ultimate highest good of all mankind with insecurity and injustice to none. What is said here of the principles by which American policies should be determined is, of course, true of each and every nation. Thus all nations, working in cooperation, may the more readily realize their ideals.

MACGREGOR'S son was stolen during the war between the Scottish clans, and made to exchange clothes with a peasant boy. He unconsciously revealed his identity, however, even in peasant's clothes, by the way in which he used the things of the palace. The question to be decided was, which of the lads is MacGregor's son? And this was the method of discovery. Both lads were brought to the palace and watched. The peasant boy threw himself down to sleep upon the straw bed in the servant's apartment, for such was his wont; but MacGregor's boy spurned the bed of straw and chose the best couch in the palace. Everybody said, as they looked upon the sleeping boy, "That is MacGregor's son."

A MAN is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no luster as you turn it in your hand until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors.—*Emerson.*

Expatriation

By
HUGH J. CANNON

Chapter Three

RARE indeed is the occasion when a passenger vessel leaves a Hawaiian port without having wafted after it the beautiful strains of "Aloha Oe." Nell had made a few native friends during her brief visit in Honolulu, and these were on the pier to join in the farewell song, their natural jollity subdued by the sorrow of parting. They had affectionately hung numerous *leis* around her neck, so many, indeed, that she was well nigh smothered, and notwithstanding the brief acquaintance, it was with sincere regret that she said goodbye, even though after her farewell to Nate she had felt nothing in life could be hard again. Mrs. Conrad, who had cheered her so on the morning of their arrival, was there also to bid her *bon voyage*.

The two thousand mile journey from Honolulu to Pago Pago, the American naval base on the island of Tutuila, was made without especial incident. The one exciting day was that on which they crossed the equator. Then out of the sea, ostensibly, came King Neptune with trident and royal suite, and, according to long established custom, held court and ordered all passengers who were crossing the line for the first time to be haled before him. A penalty of greater or less severity was pronounced upon all such. Not being in this class, Nell escaped the ducking or other punishment and therefore enjoyed the fun.

AS word was passed around the vessel that land was in sight it created the usual excitement. Miss Redfield, perhaps the only person on board not glad the hour to disembark was so near, excitedly scanned through a glass the distant islands; in this foreign land she was to live and die. True, Pago Pago and this particular group were under the control of the United States; but it was Samoa none the less on that account. She felt that there was a peculiar resemblance between the islands and herself.

U. S. naval officers stationed at outlying ports are always eager to see visitors arrive. This interest is in nowise diminished when among such arrivals is an undeniably pretty and piquant young lady. En route Miss Redfield had made the acquaintance of Commodore and Mrs. King, the former a retired naval officer, and the party was welcomed by Captain Evans, who was in charge of the island, and everything possible was done to make their visit enjoyable.

PAGO PAGO is ninety miles from Apia which is on the island of Upolu in Western Samoa. To those who have journeyed from one point to the other in the small, ill-smelling, rough-riding boat which makes the trip at regular intervals, it is anything but a pleasure cruise. But Nell, never having made the voyage, was impatient to undertake it. She longed to set foot in Apia, her birthplace and the spot where her parents lay buried. She was anxious to see what association with scenes and perhaps with people familiar to her in babyhood days would do to her procrastinating memory. Urged by these desires, passage on the little inter-island boat had been secured immediately upon arrival, but her fellow-voyagers, for whom she had formed a sincere attachment, partly because of their own natural worth and still more on account of her heart hunger, persuaded her to cancel this arrangement, remain a few days with them and accept the invitation of Captain Evans to go on the U. S. gunboat to Apia, whither he was obliged to send Lieutenant Hawley on official business.

Notwithstanding her impatience, the prospect was alluring. Now that her destination was virtually reached there was a haunting fear of being left alone, so she assented to the proposal of her friends. There were in Pago Pago a number of fine young Americans all eager to show her attention and she had more opportunities of seeing the country than it was possible to accept. The beauty of the harbor, the finest in all the South Seas, with its tropical surroundings was charming. Old "Rain-maker," the picturesque mountain standing as a sentinel at the mouth of the bay, invited her to climb to its summit and from that comparatively high vantage point gaze over the adjacent country. She was fascinated, too, by the dignity and sweetness of the native Samoan spirit. It was something new and strange and she felt would abundantly repay intensive cultivation.

IN studying the native character, Nell often thought it would not be so intolerable if the hateful sixteenth of corrupted blood in her veins, instead of being Fijian, had come from the Samoan race, dark-skinned though it is.

Here for the first time in her memory she saw a group of her "brothers" as she contemptuously called them. A trading schooner had arrived from Suva, Fiji, manned entirely by natives of that land. Had there been no secret reason for dislike, Nell would have been greatly interested in them. Indeed she was interested, though inwardly repelled. The great bushes of hair, many of them a brick red from the use of slacked lime, formed the only covering for their heads, and if the naked truth must be told they had very little covering of any kind, merely a *lava lava*, a simple cloth usually made of bark, fastened about their waists and reaching to the knees.

Nell, Mrs. King and Mrs. Evans in company with some of the officers were at the wharf as the sailing schooner, by means of its auxiliary gasoline engine, worked its way to the mooring place.

Captain Evans and the others were amused at and Nell was correspondingly ashamed of her indignant refusal to accept an orange, a fruit for which Fiji is justly famous, from one of the crew.

"Why did you take such offense at that red-headed nigger?" the captain queried mirthfully. "Of course he did not have much on but at that he had no less than the Samoan men usually wear and you're no longer shocked at them."

THE unhappy girl was sufficiently well-bred to take the raillery good naturedly, but the word "nigger" had aroused tumult in her breast greater than anything which had occurred since leaving home. To hear one of her own race called by that odious name was the exorbitant price she was paying for a few days of pleasure.

This and one other thing caused regret that she had not followed her orginial intention and departed with the *Marstal*. Hawley, the rugged young lieutenant, to whom was assigned the duty of conveying the party to its destination, was obviously taking too great an interest in her. Like other attractive women, she had learned that beauty had its disadvantages. So often had she been obliged to head off young men before their admiration turned to a more ardent feeling that she knew instinctively when to be on her guard. Now, after the ruthless manner in which her affections had been treated by fate, masculine attention, if it became even remotely lover-like, was most offensive. Still in this instance she sympathized with the young fellow; he was a long way from home and was lonely—at least that was her first impression; but it was soon apparent that little cause existed for loneliness, favorite as he was with men and women of the colony. Though polished by training and environment, there was a natural and delightful air of unconventionality about him.

HAWLEY made no effort to conceal his pleasure at the assignment to escort the party to Apia. Proud of his seamanship, the opportunity of displaying it before the commodore pleased him, but even that was hardly as appealing as the privilege of having a few additional hours to cultivate the young lady.

"There's Apia," he said handing the glasses to her as the vessel cut through the water. "You can almost see the crescent-shaped harbor. In another hour we'll be near enough to get a glimpse of the rusting hulk of the *Adler* on the rocks and the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson on the hill above.

His companion was trembling with an excitement which her best efforts could not suppress. The officer noticed it and started to call Mr. and Mrs. King who were discreetly entertaining each other.

"Please don't disturb them," interposed the young lady.

"But I'm afraid you're going to faint, Miss Redfield. Let me help you to a seat."

"No, I'd rather stand, but I am very much excited. Of course you have not heard, for I haven't told anyone, that I was born in Apia. My parents were killed in the tornado which wrecked the *Adler* and the other warships and are buried there."

Hawley was astonished. "You were in Apia at that time? Why, so was I! A little eight year old kid in knee breeches; at least I was in knee breeches when I wasn't wearing a *lava lava* or paddling about in the water without anything on."

LIEUTENANT HAWLEY

NELL had been in some doubt as to whether she should reveal any part of her history. Not having reached a positive decision this much of the story had quite unconsciously escaped her. The young man's surprise did not surpass her own.

"How strange that we should meet here," she said. "You remember the storm of course?"

"Remember it! I should say I do. For years almost I dreamed of nothing else. The howling of the wind with which were mingled screams of men and women on shore and the faint cries of doomed sailors on the warships in the harbor! A good many of the fellows who had seemed to take a fancy to me and whom I greatly admired were drowned. Yes, indeed I remember it. Often on squally nights ashore or at sea I have wished I could forget it. But you must've been just a babe at the time."

"I was four years old and of course it all seems like a dream, but I hope sight of the place will revive memory."

"After such a sorrow as the storm brought, I should think it would be wise to let memory sleep."

"No; I am anxious to recall every possible detail of my life here and of my parents. It will help me in my work."

"In your work back in the United States?"

"In my work in Apia."

"I guess I don't understand. You're not going to stay here very long, are you?" It was evident that mere thought of such a possibility made the officer's heart beat a little faster. He continued. "And another thing, if you'll not be offended at my curiosity, I understood your parents were living in America."

"I don't very often relate family history to strangers, but this time I was surprised into it by the excitement of coming back to my old home, and now that I've told you so much there's no good reason why I shouldn't answer your other questions. For a long time Samoa is to be my home, at least, to speak more accurately, I intend living somewhere in the South Sea islands. The parents I have in America are the dearest people in

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Joseph Smith—A Modern American Prophet

By
JOHN HENRY EVANS

IV

IT IS midnight, and we are in the home of the Smiths in Manchester. Not the log house that we have heard so much about in these pages—the one from which the young Joseph went to the grove yonder seven years ago and to which he returned a changed boy, and the one whose humble attic chamber, if we may call it by so high-sounding a name, was signally honored by three visitations of a heavenly being,—but another house just across the line separating Palmyra and Manchester townships, which is more pretentious and roomy and which the ambitious Alvin had set his heart on but had not lived to see finished.

Mother Smith is sitting up alone. She is at her eternal task of touching up a piece of oilcloth that is meant for a table covering. Long since the dishes have been washed and put away and the kitchen set to order.

She is in a high tension over something. You can see that very clearly. It is not because everything is still as death, both within and without the house. For every one else is in bed and no doubt fast asleep by this time. And outside all the barnyard noises have gradually ceased—the scrambling of chickens for room on the roosts, the movement of the cows and horses in their effort to locate a satisfactory spot to lie down in. Not a breath of air stirs the great trees in the forest around the clearing.

Nor is Mother Smith's apparent nervousness due to any fear of the oppressive night stillness. She is accustomed to being alone times like this. Besides, even if she weren't, she is a strong-hearted woman, a pioneer woman, to whom small timidities involving only outer dangers are altogether unknown. She has no uneasy conscience carrying on a warfare in her breast. It is something very different from any of these that causes her to be anxious tonight.

Tomorrow is a red-letter day in her life, and in the life of the whole family, especially in that of her son Joseph. It is the day when the ancient record is to be delivered into his hands by the Angel Moroni.

FOUR long, anxious years they have looked forward to this event. Perhaps the mother has been more concerned than any one else, not even excluding Joseph himself, over the coming of this notable day. And that for two reasons. First, she is older than he and therefore has greater fears that he will not prove equal to his responsibilities. That is what the years bring to us. And then she is always apprehensive that there will be a slip-up of things. For things you set your heart on have somehow a way of slipping up. All the family share her anticipation, without feeling her keen sense of responsibility.

There are friends, too, who are looking forward to this great day with anxious eyes. Some of them are the Stoals and the Knights, neighbors of the Smiths—if you do not think of the word "neighbors" too critically; for the Knights live twenty-five miles away, in Colesville. Two of these —Josiah Stoal and Joseph Knight, both elderly men—have come to the Smith home, in order to be on hand when the golden volume is brought home. And outside in the barn is the horse that has pulled them here in the light wagon, which stands hardby in the yard. It belongs to Mr. Knight.

Through Joseph himself these two friends have picked up their interest in the coming forth of the ancient record. During these four years, as he could be spared by his father and as he needed money for his personal expenses, Joseph has worked for Mr. Knight and Mr. Stoal—on the farm or in the flour mill of the former and in an old Spanish mine of the latter in Pennsylvania. As the friendship between Joseph and these men ripened, he has told them about his visions and the ancient record that he is to have in his keeping for a time. They have believed him; they have trusted in his truthfulness; and now they are in the Smith home awaiting the deliverance of the sacred plates.

IT IS barely possible, however, that no one in all the house is asleep, as we at first supposed—not Josiah Stoal, nor Joseph Knight, nor any of the Smiths, least of all Joseph. They are in bed, though. At least, Mother Smith believes they are. But, for all that, they may not be asleep. It may very well be that they have on their minds just what she has on hers—the thing which is to happen tomorrow.

For scarcely anything can be of greater importance to them than the matter involved in what this young man Joseph has been telling them.

They put the thing very practically.

Like everyone else they want to know whether there is a life for them after death. It is the great question. But here is a man who says he has actually seen a resurrected person—Moroni, who lived fourteen hundred years ago on the American continent, who died here, and who later was raised from the dead. And he has seen him not once only, but many times. If such a thing is true of Moroni, why, it may be true in their own case, for Moroni, by all accounts, was very much like themselves in most respects. And now, if Joseph gets these sacred plates that the Angel has in his keeping, it will be the best of evidence that the rest of the story is true.

What wonder is it then, if they are all awake in their beds, thinking?

MOTHER SMITH'S attention is attracted by the opening of a door leading to the kitchen from another room, a bedroom. She quickly turns her head.

It is young Joseph. He is dressed for a journey, the object of which she surmises.

"Mother," he says, "have you got a chest with a lock and key?"

Instantly Mrs. Smith takes alarm. She says not a word. She looks at him as if she were to blame for some great mishap.

Seeing her fears, he goes up to her. "Never mind, Mother; I can do very well for the present without it. Be calm—everything's all right!"

Then he leaves the room by the outer door.

She listens to his retreating footsteps as he goes round the house. She hears him go to the stable, bring out a horse, hitch it to the wagon standing in the yard outside.

Presently the inner door creaks again on its hinges. This time a young woman enters the room. It is Emma, Joseph's wife. She, too, is attired for a journey somewhere, for she wears her bonnet and riding dress. With only a glance and a smile in the direction of her mother-in-law, she passes through the room and joins her husband.

A minute or two later Mother Smith hears the wagon leave the yard and enter the narrow lane which leads westward into the road to Canandaigua—the mail route that passes the hill Cumorah.

When the last sound of the wheels dies out on her ears, Mother Smith sits there in deep meditation. After a while she gets up, goes to a small table, takes off it the large family Bible, returns to the chair, and begins to read. Later she kneels down and prays. And on rising she sits there, plunged in reverie once more, the Bible meantime on her lap. She does not stir till dawn.

MEANWHILE Joseph and Emma proceed to the hill. It is such a night as poor love-lorn Jessica describes to Lorenzo in the *Merchant of Venice*. The full moon rides high in the clearest sky you could wish to see, but it is without the "sweet wind" that gently "kisses the trees." At a jog-trot the horse takes the narrow lane and then the broad road past Cumorah.

Joseph has often gone over this highway since the day when he first pried open that stone box with its precious contents. You may remember that the Angel instructed him to visit the place every year on the twenty-second of September, till he should obtain the plates and the interpreters. And he has faithfully kept his tryst with the Angel there, and received instruction and guidance from his heavenly tutor.

And now, as he goes to the hill the fourth time since he first saw the plates, his heart leaps up with hope and wonder. When he comes back on this road, he thinks, he will have with him the sacred book. They will be perfectly safe in his possession now, after his four years of heavenly tutelage. No longer does he think of it in terms of what the plates might bring him in money, but only in terms of what it will mean to the world in the salvation of souls.

ON reaching the foot of the hill he leaves Emma in charge of the horse and wagon, and pushes his way alone through the woods up to where the stone box is. He uncovers it as he has done four times before—with a stick for a bar. The Angel is there to give him some final instructions.

"Now you have got the record," says the heavenly messenger as he surrenders the long-treasured volume, "you will have to be watchful and faithful to your trust. Otherwise you will be overpowered by wicked men, for you are but a man. They will lay every plan that is possible to get it away from you, and if you do not heed continually, they will succeed.

THE HILL CUMORAH

While it was in my hands, I could keep it, and no man had power to take it away. But now I give it up to you. Beware, and look well to your ways. If you do so, you shall have power to retain it, till the time for it to be translated."

With the interpreters in his pocket and the book wrapped in a cloth under his arm, Joseph goes back down the hill to Emma. Then getting into the wagon, he drives toward his home on the road he has come.

When he has gone about a mile, however, he stops the horse, gets out of the vehicle with the sacred record, and goes into the woods. Off the main road a few rods he finds an old birch tree much decayed, except the bark. With his pocket knife he cuts the bark with great care, turns it back, makes a hole of sufficient size to receive the plates, and, putting the plates into the cavity, replaces the bark till you could never tell, if you did not know differently, that the old birch holds in its bosom the most wonderful treasure in the world.

This strange task done, Joseph goes back to Emma, and the two proceed once more homeward.

WHEN Mother Smith has finished her sleepless vigil, as I have already said, it is early dawn. Presently she set to work on her preparation for breakfast.

As the time arrives for sitting down to the meal, there is no small amount of confusion. Father Smith is disturbed because Joseph is not ready for breakfast, and he is about to go into his room to call him. He does not know that Joseph and Emma left the house during the night.

"Don't call for him," says the tactful Lucy, "because he may want to eat breakfast with his wife this morning."

"No, no," the father protests; "I must have him sit down with me as usual."

"Now, Father," Mother Smith urges, "do let him eat with his wife *this* morning."

This ends the argument.

But now Mr. Knight comes into the kitchen much perturbed in his mind. "My horse is gone," he says excitedly, "and I can't find

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Theology and Evolution From the Historical Point of View

By P. JOSEPH JENSEN
Teacher of History in the L. D. S. College

SINCE 1903, when the so-called "Langley's Folly" made its flight, the aviator with the aeroplane has accomplished many remarkable feats. We all remember the great popularity of Captain Lindbergh in his "lone eagle" flight, and note with interest the elevation attained by German "airmen," approximately eight miles. Yet more remarkable by far than these are events which theological history records. For example, Joseph Smith writes: "He (an angel) called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Moroni." (Writings of Joseph Smith 2:33) While our "airmen" did not "fly" to another planet, theological history records testimonies that heavenly messengers do come to our planet—the earth, to communicate the word of God.

PESTALOZZI made a contribution to the cause of education in what has been called the object lesson in the teaching of children. It has proved to be of permanent value in the field of learning, for it is based upon a fundamental in our psychical constitution and nature. Applying this principle to the study of theological history we cite first the unique instance in theological object-lessons. Combining sentences from the historians John and Luke, we have, "Then the same day at evening, being the first of the week,—came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you." "But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet. And while they yet * * * wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honey comb. And he took it, and did eat before them."

Guide Posts in Theological History

BUT Thomas was not with them when Jesus came." Those who had had the above experience told it to Thomas. "But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." Eight days later Jesus came when Thomas was with the other ten disciples. Then said Jesus to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing." From this object-lesson Thomas learned the truth and exclaimed reverently, "My Lord and my God."

We leave the reader to reflect on this unique object-lesson concerning a messenger from the Father and God to man on earth with this question: Could any class in our scientific age be able to make a more careful scientific test than did the eleven apostles of our Savior's visit to them?

IT is with a somewhat similar object-lesson that theology begins in world-history and is repeated not a few times throughout the ages down to our own day. The historical characters, Abraham, Moses, and Joseph Smith are typical. To the student of history their influence in theology shows a standard of intelligence which is second only to that of our Lord himself, in fact, they declare it is through him as his prophets that they speak and act. For example, note the following: "Thus I, Abraham, talked with the Lord, face to face, as one man talks with another." (Abraham 3:11) And Moses "saw God face to face, and he talked with him, and the glory of God was upon Moses." (Moses 1:2) "I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head * * * when the light rested upon me, I saw two personages * * * One of them spoke to me, calling me by name, and said (pointing to the other), This is my beloved Son, Hear him!" (Writings of Joseph Smith 2:17)

THESE men, chronologically arranged, Abraham, Moses, Peter, James, John, Thomas and Joseph Smith, all historical characters, at various times in the past four thousand years, have borne testimony to the world that they know of heavenly messengers coming to earth to teach mankind.

AUGUSTINE, in his "Confessions," tells of a dream in his early Christian life, when as a young lawyer he was intensely absorbed in Cicero, and all his tastes were Ciceronian. He thought he died and came to the celestial gate. "Who are you?" asked the keeper. "Augustine, of Milan." "What are you?" "A Christian." "No, you are a Ciceronian." Augustine asked an explanation, and the angelic gatekeeper replied: "All souls are estimated in THIS *world by what dominated in* THAT. *In you, Augustine, not the Christ of the Gospel, but the Cicero of Roman jurisprudence, was the dominating force. You can not enter here." Augustine was so startled that he awoke, and resolved that henceforth Christ and not Cicero should rule in his thought and heart and life.*

In addition to these which we call miraculous events, the written word of the Lord in theological history is by direction of its author to pass through a thorough historical test. For example, "and unto three shall they (the plates of the Book of Mormon) be shown by the power of God; wherefore they shall know of a surety that these things are true. And in the mouth of three witnesses shall these things be established."

In compliance with this theological history test, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, all honorable American citizens, declare—"We have seen the plates which contain this record (the Book of Mormon) and we also know that they have been translated by the power of God * * * wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true."

"A fundamental contention of the higher criticism of the Pentateuch is that it was not written by Moses, but that it constitutes a compilation of various traditionary narratives made about nine hundred years after the time of Moses." This liberal school of Biblical criticism endeavors to harmonize the word of God with the prevailing philosophy—the doctrine of evolution.

BUT theological history establishes what Mr. Whiston suggests in a footnote on a passage in the Antiquities of the Jews. It follows: "Josephus here takes notice, that these ancient genealogies were first set down by those that then lived, and from them were transmitted down to posterity, which I suppose to be the true account of that matter. For there is no reason to imagine that men were not taught to read and write soon after they were taught to speak; and perhaps all by the Messiah himself, who, under the Father was the Creator, or Governor of Mankind and who frequently in those early days appeared to them." (p. 37, Bk. I, Chapter 3). This thought we repeat is established by theological history. In the book of Moses we read: "For a book of remembrance we (Enoch is speaking) have written among us, according to the pattern given by the finger of God: and it is written in our own language." (Moses 6:46.)

Our Moral Leader

Editorial from "Daily Oklahoman," March 21, 1930

OF ALL men it seems most strange to see a pillar of the Mormon Church appearing in congress as the advanced champion and protector of the public morals. In view of the opposition encountered by Joseph Smith when he originated the Mormon movement, of the obstacles thrown in the way of Brigham Young when he was converting the Church into a political republic, and of the criticisms of the Church voiced in the days when the Edmunds act sought to prohibit polygamous practices in Utah territory, it is passing strange to see Senator Smoot of the Mormon faith leading the senatorial forces which battle to preserve the purity of American homes and morals by making imported literature simon-pure. When a Mormon pillar becomes the acknowledged leader of the moral forces of the country, it is something to think about.

Again, "and a book of remembrance was kept, in the which was recorded, in the language of Adam, for it was given unto as many as called upon God to write by the spirit of inspiration; and by them their children were taught to read and write, having a language which was pure and undefiled * * * and a genealogy was kept of the children of God." (Moses 6:5, 6, 8).

IT is to such data as this, namely, men's knowledge of God, knowledge of messengers from God, and his spoken and written word that we give the name theology—"a revealed science which treats of the being and attributes of God and his relation to us." Furthermore, it is such data as this which gives the evidence to us who have not seen God, for our faith in him which the apostle Paul defines as "evidence of things not seen."

In a former article we named five men who had become prominent in the doctrine of evolution. Those men are Charles Lyell, Theodore Schwann, Herbert Spencer, Charles Darwin, and Ernest Haeckel. We made typical quotations from two of them which are characteristic of all. Those quotations show that those men only thought evolution had taken place. Not one of them gives an instance which he had seen to prove it, nor had students throughout one hundred years of study, seen it. In a foregoing paragraph, too, we named seven men who knew of messengers coming from God who "created man in his own image."

THE significance of the distinction between the statements of these two groups of men is fundamental. The former thought, the latter knew. A few lines from John Mill helps to emphasize this. They are, "What is the difference to our minds between thinking of a reality and representing to ourselves an imaginary picture? I confess I can see no escape from the opinion that the distinction is ultimate and primordial. There is no more difficulty in holding it to be so than in holding the difference between a sensation and an idea to be primordial. It seems almost another aspect of the same difference—I cannot help thinking, therefore, that there is in the remembrance of a real fact, as distinguished from that of a thought, an element which does not consist, in a difference between the mere ideas which are present to the mind in the cases. This element, however we define it, constitutes belief and is the difference between memory and imagination. From whatever direction we approach, this difference seems to close our path. When we arrive at it, we seem to have reached, as it were, the central point of our intellectual nature presupposed and built upon in every attempt we make to explain the more recondite phenomena of our mental being." (Quoted by James, psychology, Vol. II, p. 285.)

I NEVER knew one man or woman who steadily evaded the house of prayer and public worship on the Lord's day, who habitually neglected it and had a theory on which it was neglected, who did not come to grief and bring other people to grief.

White Hyacinths to Feed the Soul

By ELSIE C. CARROLL

"IF I had two loaves, I would sell one of them and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul."

In these lines is expressed indirectly the great truth that our souls need nourishing quite as much as our physical beings. Too frequently we forget this, and no matter how many loaves we have we let the soul starve.

What are these white hyacinths of which the writer speaks?

A teacher of a first grade once hung up in her school room a copy of a beautiful painting—"The Song of the Lark." She told her pupils to look at it for a few moments and then to tell her what it made them think of, or how it made them feel. The children responded with a variety of comments. One little boy whose face seemed fairly to glow with responsiveness to the beauty in the picture said: "Why—it—it makes me forget I had to carry in wood."

Recently at devotional exercises at the Brigham Young University, when President George H. Brimhall arose to give one of his celebrated four-minute addresses, he exclaimed:

"I am not the same man I was before I heard the beautiful music we have just listened to. I am a different man; I am a better man. That music added something to me that was not of me before."

The child and the man each had fed his soul on beauty. In the one case, beauty of color and form; in the other, beauty of sound.

And so we might define these white hyacinths that feed the soul as those things which satisfy the aesthetic, the spiritual side of our natures: music, painting, literature —the products of the fine arts.

BROWNING, who might have been a master in three arts, tells us in one of his poems that the mission of the artist is to interpret the beauty in the world in such a way that we who are not artists can see it and be fed by it. He says that we've seen the world, the beauty and the wonder and the power; the shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades; their changes, and surprises—but we are made so that "we love *first, when we see them painted,* things we have passed perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see. * * * Art was given for that." He goes on to say that God uses us to help each other so—"lending our minds out."

Artists, then, because they see these beauties which we who are not artists cannot see until they have been pointed out to us, have as their mission the interpretation of beauty in a way that we can assimilate it.

One of the mediums of the interpretation of beauty is words.—One poet has expressed her appreciation of the medium of her art in these lines:

"God wove a web of loveliness,
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
As beautiful as words."

It is of the art of literature that I wish to speak—of what literature can do for us—of some of the ways it can feed our souls.

Literature has been defined by someone as including all of those writings that express for us what we consciously or unconsciously feel the need of saying but cannot say. In other words, just as the painter with his colors shows us beauties we haven't been able to see before, so the writer reveals for us beauties we have not been able to express.

THERE are many things that literature can do for us. One writer has pointed out five of the outstanding benefits to be derived from the study of literature, two of which I wish to dwell upon in particular. He shows how literature keeps before us the vision of the ideal. The importance of this value can hardly be over-emphasized. Everything worthwhile in life is built upon ideals, and literature has been called a storehouse of ideals.

"He who builds no castles in the air," sings the poet, "builds no castles anywhere." The great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldson, realized the importance of keeping before us a vision of the ideal to such a degree that he wept over the perfection of his statue of Christ, explaining to his friends that he wept because his genius must be decaying since the statue absolutely satisfied him. He explained that always before his ideal was far beyond what he could execute, and that because this was no longer true he could never create a great work of art again.

Browning expresses the importance of this vision of the ideal when he says:

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed
his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

And again in these lines:

"What hand and brain went over paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshly screen?"

Literature holds up before us the ideals of the past and the present. Furthermore, each piece of great literature itself, grows out of a great ideal.

Another of these five values is that literature can give us a mastery of our own language. When we read the beautiful things that have been woven out of words—rightly chosen and arranged, we even unconsciously absorb some of that beauty of expression. We become like that with which we associate in more ways than one. If we are constantly thrown with persons who use slang, we may at first be shocked, but in time we will find ourselves using slang expressions. Just so if we are continuously reading great and beautiful literature, we not only are unconsciously becoming familiar with the great ideals of the literature, and becoming more like them, just as Ernest in "The Great Stone Face," unconsciously took on the characteristics which the face on the mountain symbolized, but we are also assimilating a knowledge of words and their beauty of arrangement. With

little conscious effort we could indeed master our language through our contacts with literature. There are in our language over a hundred thousand words. The average person uses about three thousand of them; Milton used eight thousand and Shakespeare many times the average.

A THIRD value of literature lies in its power to restore the past and broaden our understanding of human nature. History may teach us what people did, but literature tells us how they felt about it. By way of literature we can transport ourselves to any age or any country; we can associate in the most intimate way with the finest and noblest of characters. And so, vicariously, we can broaden and enrich our experiences to a limitless degree. There is no need of anyone ever being lonely, or of needing to associate with inferior personalities with the myriads of great characters in literature ready to give companionship, courage and inspiration upon the mere opening of books.

The last two values, and those I wish to amplify, are literature as an outlet, and literature as a glorification of the commonplace.

Just in what way is literature an outlet? How does it help us express what we could not express without it?

When you have been reading something especially fine, haven't you often exclaimed to yourself or others: "I have felt just that way myself but couldn't express it." The poet has expressed it for you, and when you thrill and find yourself being lifted above your usual level as you read it, you are in reality expressing it yourself—your soul is being fed as you read just as the writer's was while he wrote.

BURNS was idolized by his countrymen, because he expressed what they felt but knew not how to express. They would read his poems and laugh and cry, for through their reading they were finding an outlet for their own emotions. On one occasion a carriage in which Longfellow was riding was suddenly halted and the door opened. The poet was surprised and somewhat alarmed when he discovered himself surrounded by a group of coal-begrimed miners. He thought he was going to be robbed. However, one of the men told him that they had heard he was going to pass there at that time and that they had gained permission to come out of the mine and see him. "We just want to shake your hand," the miner concluded. "We just wanted to say 'God bless the man who wrote *'The Psalm of Life.'* "

Lincoln's Gettysburg speech in two minutes went straight to the central idea of a great occasion, and became a literary masterpiece, because it spoke for a people who needed a spokesman and as one commentator says: "It put into fitting words the dumb emotions that filled every heart of his audience."

We must find ourselves in what we read; then the reading will serve as a medium for us. Expression is need of us all. It helps us in times of sorrow as well as in times of joy. Scotts' "Home They Brought her Warrior Dead," in its refrain, "She must weep, or she will die," reveals this need of expression—or outlet. Shakespeare says: "Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak, whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break." Wordsworth has the same thought in these lines:

"To me alone there came a thought of grief.
A timely utterance gave that thought relief
And I again was strong."

Emerson says, "All men live by truth and stand in need of expression. The man is only half himself; the other half is expression."

A great picture, or piece of music, or poem satisfies first a want of the artist's soul, and if this is a national or a universal want the production of the artist becomes a national or a universal expression. Is not "The Star Spangled Banner" as much our expression of patriotism as it was Francis Scott Keys? Is not "Home Sweet Home" an outlet of our devotion to a universal ideal, just as it was an outlet for the love of John Howard Payne?

PERHAPS some illustrations as to how literature is an outlet of our feelings, an unlocking and expansion of our personalities may help. When we feel discouraged over handicaps and disappointments and are groping for courage in our need, Milton's sonnet on his blindness gives us a means of growth:

"When I consider how my life is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide
And that one talent which were death to hide
Lodged in me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present my true account
Lest he returning chide;
"'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Again, we may feel the intensity of love aching for an expression of which we have not the power. We need only to turn to Burns, or Browning, or Mrs. Browning to find an outlet. Surely Mrs. Browning has said it for us in her sonnets—the eighteenth for example:

"How do I love thee? Let me count the way.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, of sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose,
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death."

PERHAPS the need of keeping an ideal before us has possession of us and strives in vain for expression. Then will we turn to Longfellow's "Excelsior," or to Bryant's "The Chambered Nautilus" with its:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As thy swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

And so, on and on, examples might be given.

Now as to how literature glorifies the commonplace.

Because the poet has an inspired vision and can see more of the beauty in the world than those of us who are not artists, he has a keener and broader love for everything about him. The intensity of that love for commonplace things is perhaps expressed as well by Rupert Brooke, as by anyone—that fine young British poet who gave his life for his love of mankind in the World War. Among many other similar things, he expresses his love for

"White plates and cups, clean gleaming
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery faery dust;
Wet roofs beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many tasting food;
Rainbows and blue bitter smoke of wood;
* * * * *
"The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such—
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek
That lingers about dead leaves and last year's ferns.
"Dear names,
And thousand others throng to me! Royal flames;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep panting train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That brown and dwindles as the wave goes home;
And washen stones; gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new peeled sticks; and shiny pools on grass;—
All these have been my loves!"

IMAGINE how wonderful the world would appear to us if we could all feel about these commonplace things as this young poet did.

Genius has been defined as the power of seeing wonder in the commonplace. Among the poets who help us to find glory in the commonplace are Emerson, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson; and of later singers, our own country Edna St. Vincent Millay, Anna Hempstead Branch and Sara Teasdale.

Emerson says:

"'Tis not in high stars alone,
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

Wordsworth, in his lovely poem, "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" shows how the sight of a bed of daffodils can be treasured up to give bliss long after the actual vision has vanished.

Tennyson finds enough glory and suggestiveness in a tiny flower to provoke thoughts on the profoundest of subjects:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
And hold you here in my hand
Little flower—if I could but understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all
I should know what God and man is."

The sight of a cloud, the breath of the wind, the flight of a lark all challenged the imagination of Shelley to the extent that in their common-placeness he saw wonder and glory enough to inspire deathless lyrics. To him the skylark was not a bird, but "a form from heaven," "an un-bodied joy;" it is like "a poet hidden in the light of thought singing hymns that will move the world;" it is like "a high-born maiden in a palace tower with music, sweet as love;" "it is like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew," and like "a rose embowered in its own green leaves;" and "its music is better than all treasures that in books are found."

Burns glorifies a little field-mouse to the position of his earth-born companion:

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth born companion
And fellow mortal."

ANNA H. BRANCH glorifies her mother's hands which hide delicate mercies "like flowers in spring" and whose touch seems to transmit to the little child "memories of all the beautiful things the hands have touched—garden thing, sound of hidden wings." Her mother's words she says:

"Shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings.
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings."

Both Edna St. Vincent Millay and Sara Teasdale seem almost to burst with the joy which the glory they see in this commonplace world gives them.

The former in her *God's World* says:

"O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
The mists that roll and rise.
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, world, I cannot get thee close enough!
"Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call."

Sara Teasdale's *Barter* expresses a similar intense appreciation for the beauty of the world, and of life:

"Life has loveliness to sell—
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves, whitening on the cliff,
Climbing fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up,
Holding wonder like a cup.

"Life has loveliness to sell—
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain;
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight
Holy thoughts that star the night.

"Spend all you have for loveliness!
Buy it and never count the cost,
For one whole singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost.
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or would be."

"If I had two loaves, I would sell one of them and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul."

A TRUE gentleman is one who never inflicts unnecessary pain. He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the mind of those with whom he is cast—his great concern being to make everyone at ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company, he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking, he guards against unseasonable allusions on topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantages, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage "that we ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were someday to be our friend." —Cardinal Newman.

What Book?

By HARRISON R. MERRILL

BOOKS are like people—they have a soul. In fact, they are people—the dreams, the hopes, the revelations of people.

Vanity Fair in a very real sense is Thackeray, just as *The Raven* is Edgar Allen Poe, in a particular mood. The ideas imprisoned in the words by means of symbols we call letters and in sentences by means of a combination of words are distillations from their minds. Their ideas are, as it were, preserved for future use.

The sarcasm, the humor that was Thackeray and the melancholy that was Poe, like the flavor of strawberries or pears, are tucked away to be released by the browsing mind.

Because libraries are everywhere and free reading material is abundant, many people think they can get along without owning books. They can, but the joy of intimate companionship, the book borrower can never know. One can as easily borrow friends and expect them to reflect back friendship as to borrow a book and expect it to become an abiding counselor and companion.

No man is too poor to gather around him a few friends—in books.

Since books are people, having preserved in them the essences of their authors, those that are invited to a home there to abide are selected, or should be, as one selects companions. There are some that will answer gayety with gayety, humor with humor, and speculation with speculation. Just as one might select Jim, not Joe, for a hunting trip, and Joe, not Jim, as a companion at a theater party, one will visit with his friends in books according to his moods.

THEN the question arises: What book am I to invite to be a constant visitor in my study or as a companion during the evening by the fire-place or under the shade of a tree during my vacation?

There is no way for one person to tell another. That is a matter far too personal for any one but one's self to decide. The book that may captivate me, might leave you cold, just as the friend who contributes most to my enjoyment might bore you to tears, as the moderns say.

I can, however, tell you about my friends and why I like them. Perhaps my introduction will help you to know them and through knowing them, you may come to love them, too. Then perhaps some day you'll introduce your friends to me. I meet many through book reviews whom afterwards I come to love.

What book, then?

Not sets such as agents sell unless one has much money, for sets are usually expensive, and usually carry many people with them who can never mean much in one's home. Not books of the month or any other scheme that leaves the selection for some one else to make.

I am fond of individual books; books with individuality. Strangely enough—or is it strange——I am not partial to gilt edges and leather bindings and expensive dress for my friendly books. I like buckram and cloth, and even paper and pasteboard if they are beautifully done.

I like at my fireside first, a dictionary as an interpreter. Mine is made by an old company. I like its style and makeup.

Then, of course, I have the Church works. The Bible, especially, is a library, a whole congregation of friends, one for every mood. Then I have several books of selections from the Bible that are a little more intimate, a little more friendly than my sober old book done in severe black.

I COULDN'T be without Shakespeare. I have besides the bard's complete works a number of his individual plays. Occasionally I like to laugh with or at old fat Sir John Falstaff, to grieve with King Lear, or to philosophize with Hamlet. Many an hour I have spent communing with Macbeth of the poetic, but disintegrating soul.

But all of my friends are not great men and women, according to the world's judgment, but they are great to me. Badger Clark, the poet laureate of North Dakota, rubs elbows with Lew Sarett, and James Whitcomb Riley has a place of honor beside Emerson, who to me, is a major prophet, so to speak.

Omar and James Allen are frequent companions of my leisure as are Sinbad, the Sailor, Walt Whitman and Poe.

I am fond of anthologies, especially anthologies of poetry, for in them I have somebody's choice of the poems of Sandburg or Lindsay, Edna St. Vincent Millay or Emily Dickinson.

I have probably named enough of my friends now to indicate what sort of a person I am, for a man is known by the company he keeps. But no matter—I am what I am.

How do I choose my book friends?

I browse among the books in a book store and when I find one that seems to flash back a new world to my signalling, I buy it. Or, sometimes, I read what some reviewer has said of one he has met, or I hear you tell of the help you drew from some particular friend.

I do not read some of my books much—some of them not once in a year or more, but their presence there where I can touch them and can counsel with them gives me a comfortable feeling that I would not be without for their price.

What book, then?

That book, which, upon reading, you find reaching out to you with clinging hands. Hillaire Belloc would say that book or poem or article that by some means reveals to you the "unknown country" that lies behind this one we know and which we see only in "moments of revelation."

IT is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.—*William Ellery Channing.*

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve; and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

To All Stake Presidencies and Ward Bishoprics

Dear Brethren:

As there appears to be a question among some of those connected with the Aaronic Priesthood regarding this important work, we are presenting some instructions and suggestions herewith, with the request that they be imparted to all those engaged in the progress of the Aaronic Priesthood in order to be clearly understood.

1. It is very desirable that ward Priesthood meetings should be held every week throughout the entire year as far as practicable. This naturally entails the determination by the stake presidency and ward bishoprics as to the best time for holding the ward Priesthood meetings in order to secure the best attendance and activity of the Priesthood.

2. The Aaronic Priesthood plan and lesson work is laid out for the whole year from January 1st to December 31st. Therefore, the lesson books that were issued at the beginning of this year are to be used throughout this year until the close, when new lesson books will be provided for next year. As far as possible, all deacons, teachers and priests should have a copy of their own lesson book. They are available at the Presiding Bishop's Office at a cost of 10c each. Where Priesthood classes have not been held during this past summer the lesson outlines will have to be shortened somewhat and more ground covered each week during the remainder of this year in order to start out with a new course on January 1st.

3. The time for holding the weekly ward Priesthood meetings is left with the stake presidency and ward bishoprics to determine the hour best suited to secure the largest attendance and interest of all Priesthood members. This time may be either Sunday morning before Sunday School, in Sunday School, immediately after Sunday School, or on Tuesday evenings. The hour selected should be such that meetings can be held satisfactorily at the same time throughout the summer also. If the Priesthood quorum or class meetings are held during the Sunday School period, the different quorums should meet as such, independently of the girls, and carry out the program as explained in the front part of the text books, with the exception that in such case the Sunday School lessons may be used instead of the Priesthood lessons. But, in this event, the Priesthood lessons should be used as an outside reading course, and credit given as an assignment for all who read each lesson. If the Priesthood meeting is held at any other time, the Priesthood lessons should be followed as indicated in the lesson books.

4. It is advantageous to hold a regular weekly Priesthood meeting in each ward, consisting of a general assembly, and then separate for quorum or class work, each quorum or class meeting independently with the officers conducting the exercises, in order to stimulate greater results in effective ward teaching and to promote stronger Priesthood responsibility and quorum activity.

5. The success of Aaronic Priesthood work is entirely dependent upon whole-hearted, sympathetic supervision. If the bishopric will show the proper interest, and also select and encourage the right kind of men for supervisors, the Priesthood members will give their support by showing continually greater interest and activity. The responsibility for this work rests upon the presiding officers of each stake and ward.

We wish to call your attention to the Aaronic Priesthood convention which is to be held in connection with General Conference on Friday afternoon, October 3rd at 4:15 p. m. in the Assembly Hall. It is greatly desired that representatives of all stakes and wards be in attendance. If you have any questions regarding any items of Aaronic Priesthood work we shall be glad to have you either write us or else present such questions at that meeting.

Wishing you continued success in this important work, we are, with cordial wishes.

Sincerely your brethren,

THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC,
Sylvester Q. Cannon.

Uniform Sunday Lessons for Discussion of Timely Topics

NUMEROUS insidious influences are at work to lead young and old among the Latter-day Saints to forsake the splendid standards that for a hundred years, our Church has been seeking to establish and maintain.

Sensing this condition the Council of the Twelve have requested that regular courses of study for the Priesthood include the discussion of certain vital topics. It is, therefore, recommended that on the first Sunday of January, March, May, July, September and November, 1931, uniform subjects be considered by all classes except the kindergarten, primary and Church history.

Leaflets and *Instructor* articles will furnish materials for discussion on these Sundays.

Since the topics will deal with matters which directly affect the personal welfare of the Priesthood and members of their families, it is requested that quorum officers and committees interest themselves directly in this movement and make a special effort to secure the attendance of all quorum members on these Sundays.

Some schools may find it desirable to combine in one group their two or three Gospel doctrine classes, and in another group, all lesser Priesthood classes.

It is recommended that Sunday School superintendents arrange conferences between Melchizedek Priesthood officers, or group leaders, and Gospel doctrine class leaders, to determine by whom and in what manner these topics will be presented to the adults; and also that Lesser Priesthood supervisors be called in conference with the teachers of Lesser Priesthood classes to discuss the best methods of getting these subjects over to the young people.

Also, it is recommended that, as far as practicable, Priesthood organizations set themselves the duty of laboring with their members to induce all to commit themselves to the observance of the principles taught. In many instances this work can be undertaken as a special project in quorums or in wards.

Subjects for Uniform Sunday School Lessons:

1. Evils of the smoking habit.
2. Moral standards—personal purity.
3. Prayer as a safeguard against temptation.

4. Dangers in the use of alcoholic drinks.
5. Influence of associates on our character development.
6. Why the Church advises its members not to join secret orders.
7. Character development through the observance of fast days.
8. Honesty—trustworthiness.
9. Gambling—something for nothing.
10. Desirability of temple marriages.
11. Character development through the payment of tithing.
12. Sanctity of the Priesthood—our privileges in the Priesthood.

Older Inactive Men Bearing the Aaronic Priesthood

THE question is asked, "What shall be done with such men?" In answering this question we may probably ask another: "What can be done if they are indifferent but are not doing anything in opposition to the Church or transgressing any commandments severely affecting their standing?" The only thing that can be done is to seek in every way possible to get them interested in the performance of their duties. It is not proper to disfellowship them for indifference.

If they can be drawn to meeting they should be appointed to meet with the elders if they are over twenty-one years of age. They should be made welcome by the quorum presidency. Their names could be listed on the quorum rolls separately from the members so that they will feel at least that they are considered to be properly in attendance at the elders' meeting. The Aaronic Priesthood quorum to which they belong should give them credit for attendance, even though they meet with the elders. The bishopric and the Aaronic Priesthood quorum supervisors should be particularly helpful to them in making them welcome and getting them to take part in the activities and duty assignments as far as justifiable. If they become active and faithful they should be recommended for ordination to the Melchizedek Priesthood.

In some wards considerable success has attended the efforts of the bishoprics and supervisors in their endeavors to get older men bearing the Aaronic Priesthood to attend meeting and to take part. Of course this condition should be avoided as far as the future is concerned, by whole-hearted, enthusiastic supervision of the Aaronic Priesthood and getting every member to attend regularly and take part in the performance of duty. If this is now given proper attention, generally, the present generation will develop into faithful, active Priesthood members. This result is being actually achieved in some wards through the means already mentioned.

While it is true that inactivity of members reduces the percentage and reflects unfavorably on the reports of the Aaronic Priesthood, the fact is that percentages are not the most important thing to consider and every possible effort should be made to save and bring into activity every member.

Field Notes

GARVANZA WARD. Hollywood Stake: Bishop Albin Hoglund advises that in this ward of 497 members the young men and women are particularly active and faithful. Only one young man in the ward uses tobacco and he is overcoming the habit.

The Aaronic Priesthood members are showing fine activity. Everyone who is earning means is a tithepayer. Thirty-five percent of the members are tithepayers. During the eight years that the ward has been organized the block teaching has been done completely every month. During July of this year actually 145 per cent of visits were made by the ward teachers. This is accounted for by the fact that visits were made to a number of members not yet of record in the ward, and to some non-members. The effort is made always to visit new members as soon as their arrival is known. The attendance at Sacrament meetings during 1929 was 30 percent. When it is realized that this ward covers an area about equal to the whole of Salt Lake City it can be better appreciated what good work is being done.

Mar Vista Ward Priesthood

THE following graphic description the organization of the Priesthood in this enterprising California ward will show how the various committees may be made to function.

O. H. Hewlett ..... President
Samuel Strong ..... 1st Counselor
Clyde B. Lee ..... 2nd Counselor
Robert M. Anderson ..... Secretary

Quorum meets every Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. in ward chapel. Every member expected to be present or send excuse for being absent.

PERSONAL WELFARE COMMITTEE
Sponsored by O. H. Hewlett
H. LaVon Reese, chairman.
Members
O. E. Petersen; C. H. Marble; U. L. Higham; Geoffery Harper; L. A. Thomas; L. E. Christensen.

CHURCH SERVICE COMMITTEE
Sponsored by Clyde B. Lee
P. M. Mortensen, Chairman. *Members:* Alvin Ludlow; Geo. Bowles; C. O. Ecklund; Waldo Milkey.

CLASS INSTRUCTION
Sponsored by Samuel Strong
E. S. Christensen, Chairman. *Members:* Joel H. Orton; J. L. Quist; Jas. A. Lee.

MISCELLANEOUS ACTIVITIES
Sponsored by O. H. Hewlett
Dale Farr, Chairman. *Members:* E. C. Allen; Robt. B. Ferguson; Marvin Christensen; Earl G. Bleak; Marion Smith.

The order of business for the weekly meetings of the Priesthood group should be as follows:

(1) Singing; (2) Prayer; (3) Roll Call—indication of activities of members; (4) Reports of committees; (5) Assignments for week; (6) consideration of principles of conduct; (7) Miscellaneous business; (8) Benediction.

ACTIVITIES OF GROUP
All activities to be assigned to four committees under the direction of chairman of group.

NAMES OF COMMITTEES
(1) Personal Welfare; (2) Class Instruction; (3) Church Service; (4) Miscellaneous. (All composed of three or more members).

PERSONAL WELFARE COMMITTEE
Its first consideration should be to group members. This can be

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Total Resources	15,396,252.83

OFFICERS

Heber J. Grant, *President*
Anthony W. Ivins, *Vice President*
John F. Bennett, *Vice President*
George S. Spencer, *Cashier*
Willard R. Smith, *Asst. Cashier*
William McEwan, *Asst. Cashier*

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grouped under four headings: (1) Physical health; (2) Intellectual activity; (3) Vocational anad financial efficiency; (4) Proper conduct and spiritual group.

CLASS INSTRUCTION COMMITTEE

Duties: (1) Supervise Class instruction in the quorum; (2) Co-operate with class instructors in Sunday School; (3) See that the proper credit is given each quorum member for services rendered during the past month or week.

CHURCH SERVICE COMMITTEE

Duties: (1) To help advance work of the Church; (2) Convey the idea that every member should be willing to work whenever called; (3) Ward teaching; (4) Home missionary work; (5) Foreign missionary work (aid in every way possible); (6) Learn to perform all ordinances of the Church properly.

GENERAL DUTIES OF COMMITTEE

(1) Meet regularly; (2) Have regular order of business and adhere to it; (3) Have all projects of committee recorded by the secretary; (4) Make assignments of portion of work to each member of committee; (5) Make work under its charge function; (6) Special work of each committee.

MISCELLANEOUS COMMITTEE

Duties: (1) Cooperate with work and assist officers in all activities; (2) Gather useful information; (3) Supervise all quorum social affairs; (4) Athletic contests; (5) Maintaining attendance; (6) Transportation; (7) Survey and statistics; (8) Assist the group secretary in securing and collecting records; (9) Financial.

Joseph Smith A Modern American Prophet

(Continued from page 809)

it anywhere. And I wanted to go home today, too."

"Never mind, Mr. Knight," says Mother Smith evasively. "There are lots of nooks and corners in the pasture that you do not know anything about. I will call William and see about your horse."

"But my wagon is gone, too! I'm sure some one has stolen both the horse and the wagon."

Outwardly Mother Smith is calm enough, but inwardly she is more disturbed by far than either Father Smith or Mr. Knight. She trembles with fear lest something may have happened to her son Joseph. Maybe he has met with

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another disappointment because he has not been strict enough in keeping the commandments of the Angel to him. This morning is an especial strain on her mind.

At last he comes! But where are the plates? Mother Smith's apprehensions are well grounded, it seems. Joseph *has* met with another disappointment. In order to conceal her feelings under the circumstances, she leaves the room.

Joseph follows her.

"Don't be uneasy, Mother," he says to her. "Everything is all right. See this. I have got a key with me."

AND he takes out of his pocket a curious looking thing. It is two stones in silver bows, making it resemble in appearance a huge pair of spectacles. This, he explains to his mother, is called the urim and thummim, and its possession, especially when fastened to a breastplate, constituted anciently what was known as a "seer."

Mother Smith takes into her hand this curious instrument and examines it. Having done so, she gives it back to Joseph. He does not say anything about the plates, and she does not ask about them. Some days later, when Mr. Smith inquires of Emma if she knows where the golden book is, Emma says she does not know. Which is the truth.

"What about that chest, mother?" Joseph asks. "You know, I'll have to have one now to keep the plates in. I feel that I'll have all sorts of difficulties keeping them from the curious."

"Well," she answers, "you'd better go to the man who made some furniture for Sophronia when she got married. Tell him I'll pay him for making a chest for you—one half in cash and the rest in produce."

(To be continued)

GOD shows us in himself, strange as it may seem, not only authoritative perfection, but even the perfection of obedience,—an obedience to his own laws; and in the cumbrous movement of those unwieldiest of his creatures we are reminded, even in his divine essence, of that attribute of uprightness in the human creature "that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."—*Ruskin.*

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The Tuesday Evening Half-Hour Programs

ALL the preparations for a tremendously successful year in M. I. A. have been completed. The officers in stakes and wards are all appointed, the opening social has been held, the departments all organized and beginning to function, and the half-hour activity programs presented as outlined for September 23 and 30.

Now, the period for mass participation begins—October 1 to March 17. If the programs are followed in detail as suggested in the Hand-Book Supplement, it will be found that the requirements made in order to reach "A" standards will all be fulfilled in the time allotted.

It is very important that each association begins the programs at once, and follow them through week by week. On eight evenings during this period the association divides into groups,—drama, music, etc., for study of "A" standards or for rehearsals; on fourteen evenings, all groups meet in joint assembly for the presentation of the various events. On the eight occasions when the division into groups occurs, care should be taken to avoid confusion and loss of time. If the groups are well organized the first night the personnel will remain about the same each evening thereafter.

The Retold Story group will be made up largely of Junior girls and Vanguards, (meeting separately or together.)

The Drama group in large wards will consist of many who will wish to study dramatics while in small wards it may consist mainly of those who make up the casts for the three plays required.

In every Music group an effort should be made to secure enough members to organize at least one ladies' chorus, one male quartet, (or chorus if possible), and one double mixed quartet; but all others interested should be invited to join this group.

At least ten per cent of the organization is to form the dancing group, and while this group has opportunity for special study of standards and participation in the contest and other group dances, at least three occasions are provided when all the members of the association may participate, as for example, the fifth Tuesday in September, the third Tuesday in December and the third Tuesday in January.

The Public Speaking Group will consist largely of M Men and Gleaners, but all others who desire development in this splendid art are encouraged to join this group.

Four things are to be kept in mind as goals to be reached in carrying forward the Tuesday evening half-hour program:

1. To have at least seventy-five per cent of all members participate in one or more event. The ward secretary will check off each name on the roll as soon as the individual appears in public in any event.

2. To organize groups in each event according to the requirements for Stake recognition, see Supplement, page 19.

3. To have all participants if possible reach "A" standard in the events entered.

4. To have as many events as possible of such high standard of excellence that they shall be worthy of being entered in the Church-wide contests.

Suggested Program for the Sunday Night Conjoint Meeting For November

OPENING song: *Shall the Youth of Zion Falter.*

Invocation

Ladies' chorus (See M. I. A. Supplement to Handbook, page 16 for recommended numbers).

Personal Chastity — A Latter-day Saint Ideal—By "M" Man—10 minutes (see paragraph following).

"Make the Lord of Hosts Your Friend" (See chapter on "Gleaning Among Friends" in Gleaner manual page 61)—By Gleaner Girl—10 minutes.

Orchestra (or instrumental selection) —page 21 Supplement to M. I. A. Handbook.

Home Building—A Latter-day Saint Achievement—By "M" man—10 minutes.

"I Will Gather Treasures of Truth" (Gleaner Sheaf and Project—see Gleaner Manual, page 123)—By Gleaner Girl—10 minutes.

Male chorus (page 16, Supplement to M I. A. Handbook) or community singing, *Our Mountain Home So Dear*).

Benediction

Where ladies' chorus or male chorus is used, credit is to be given in the Mass Participation Contest, as is also the case with the addresses.

Personal Chastity—A Latter-day Saint Ideal

WHEN Jacob blessed his sons, he said of Reuben, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." And he said of another son, "Joseph is a fruitful bough whose branches have run over the wall; * * * his bow shall abide in strength." What was behind the difference in these blessings? Simply a difference in personal chastity, a standard measure of moral strength.

The Grecian mother preferred her son dead upon his shield than alive without it: the Latter-day Saint mother thinks of her son as better dead than defiled.

Personal chastity is self loyalty; its opposite is self betrayal. Personal chastity is the distinguishing feature between a life in the upper or in the under world; personal chastity is a citadel which chivalry never fails to defend; it is a sanctuary where love is protected by honor.

Personal chastity is a pre-requisite to the enjoyment of the presence of God; among the beatitudes not one is of greater import than "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Divine commandments are of little or no value until they are adopted by the self and the greatest of the self-commandments is: "Be Ye Clean."

Attention, Stake Superintendents and Presidents

COMMUNICATIONS from the General Board to stakes, whether concerning matters of administration or department work are, generally speaking, addressed to Stake Superintendents or Stake Presidents. When such correspondence relates to the various departments, the Superintendents and Presidents are asked first to advise themselves of its content, and then to pass it on immediately to the department or departments designated. Lack of promptness in this may cause serious delay in the progress of our work.

The Life of Joseph Smith

EACH year, one of the Standard works of the Church or some other volume of a religious nature, finds a place on the M. I. A. Reading Course. Last year it was the Doctrine and Covenants; before that, the Pearl of Great Price, the Book of Moron, the Bible. This year it is the *Life of Joseph Smith*, by George Q. Cannon. Lovingly and tenderly this volume is written; in its perusal the reader *feels* the courage, the pathos, the spiritual exaltation in the life of the great Prophet.

All M. I. A. officers and many other members of the association will wish to read this stirring faith-promoting biography.

Activity Leaders

THE new plan which provides for an activity leader in each department of the M. I. A., which leaders associated form the Community Activity Committee, under the chairmanship of a counselor from each organization, is now in operation practically Church-wide.

It should be borne in mind that these activity leaders work in a dual capacity: (1) as the representative and advisor for the department to which they are assigned and in which they assist in every way possible to promote and stimulate the activities of the class (even though in the M Men and Gleaner departments the class Presidents may have in hand the responsibility of carrying forward the program); and (2) as a community officer interested in furthering a specific activity, such as drama, dancing, music, retold story, and public speaking among members of all ages.

On the Tuesday evening half-hour program, the activity leaders will be called into intensive service, their direct association with a particular class group interrupted for the time, perhaps. Service will be rendered in the activity in which a leader is most proficient, regardless of class association. For example, during this last half hour the Junior leader may be giving instruction in dancing while

(Continued on page 825)

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Adult Department

COMMITTEE

Dr. Arthur L. Beeley, and Lucy W. Smith, Chairmen; Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Lewis T. Cannon, Dr. Lyman L. Daines, Ann M. Cannon, Rose W. Bennett, Emily H. Higgs, Charlotte Stewart

The Manual

THE adult committe of the General Board believes that an exceptionally good manual is presented in *Community Health and Hygiene*. Of course it deals with a technical subject, but fortunately it is written in every-day language so that any reader can understand it. Further, the class leader does not need to be an expert in the subject matter of the manual. Anyone who knows how to conduct a class by the discussion method—the method strongly recommended in the use of this manual—will find that he (she) can succeed as class leader in the Adult Department. Lecturers will not be needed. Occasionally an expert (if one is available) may be asked to lecture.

The Project

IN the preface of the book will be found a clear statement on how to use the manual. This preface should be carefully studied by the class leaders and its directions followed. Attention is therein called to Chapter 25. This outlines six health projects and gives directions on how to carry them forward. It is assumed that one of these projects, or some other equally good one, shall be selected and be carried forward as indicated. It is left to each community to make its own selection. It will be seen that, in general, each project is community wide and therefore, to be successfully carried out, all the adult classes in a given community should unite on the same project. There may be two or more projects going forward in the same stake if conditions in the different towns of the stake are different. Each town should select a health project adapted to its needs.

The manual has been written by two professors at the University of Utah—Drs. L. L. Daines and A. L. Beeley—each being an outstanding expert in the field in which he has written. The information given by these writers is up-to-date and is wholly reliable. Theories have been avoided and only well-tested facts presented. For the price—only fifty cents—the committee believes the manual gives more for the money than any other book in its field. The information it contains is worth to any home many times its price. Many lives will annually be saved, needless suffering and much expense be avoided if the plea made in the manual is heeded—a plea to apply in daily living the information given.

Every home should have a copy of the manual. Certainly every member of the Adult Department will want one, for by its use will he find attendance at adult classes very interesting and profitable. Contrary to a widespread belief, the material in the manual does not duplicate the lessons that have been, or are being given in the Relief Society.

Genealogy

IN those wards where classes in genealogy are organized it is recommended that the plan of last year be followed, i. e. the genealogy and adult M. I. A. classes to meet jointly the first Tuesday in each month to carry forward the adult project, and separately the other Tuesday evenings. In wards too small to support both classes meeting simultaneously these classes meet jointly every Tuesday evening, the first Tuesday of the month being devoted to the project and the Tuesdays alternately to the manual and to genealogy. In such wards this plan seems to be the best solution.

Class Period

IN a joint meeting September 3, 1930, of the General Boards of M. I. A. a motion was passed recommending that all ward Mutuals give forty-five minutes to class discussion in the departments. It is hoped that adult leaders will jealously guard this time for class discussion. In those wards where the Priesthood classes meet on Tuesday evening this means extending the closing time beyond 9 p. m.

The Book

THE book recommended for this Department is "Grandmother Brown's One Hundred Years," priced at $3.00. Every adult member may read this book with profit and delight. If each member will contribute a few cents to its purchase by the Department, the book may be loaned week by week to the members and all will have the privilege of reading it. It is recommended that this plan be followed. (See page 828.)

Gleaner Girls Department

COMMITTEE
Emily C. Adams
Grace C. Neslen, Chairman, Rachel G. Taylor, Martha G. Smith, Margaret Newman,

Sunday Evening Joint Program

THE rare privilege has been accorded the M Men and Gleaners of furnishing two programs for the Sunday evening Conjoint M. I. A. meetings, during the coming year.

The first one is to be the first Sunday in November, and those who are to participate in this program should begin their preparation immediately so that a program of a high standard may be presented in every ward in the Church.

This affords the young men and women an opportunity to appear publicly before the whole ward and should be a splendid means of development for them as well, as a chance to furnish an uplifting and interesting program for their hearers.

In selecting the musical numbers, be sure that those suitable to the Sabbath day are chosen.

See Executive Department for detailed suggestions.

The Project

While there are but two evenings of the Gleaner program devoted to their project it constitutes the "home work" for the entire year.

Dr. Bennion, in his manual on Gleaning says, "Gleaning is a process of *Harvesting—a Gathering In.*" To "gather in" and make a permanent record of life experiences, as they have been influenced by the Gospel teachings, is the binding of the Gleaner sheaf, as well as the 1930 project. A constant check of progress should be made from week to week. Individual conferences of the leaders with the girls will be absolutely necessary for this work to be carried over successfully.

If the leaders and officers of the Gleaner organization have caught the vision of what "Treasures of Truth" may mean in their lives, and in the lives of their girls they will ever be on the alert to stimulate the Gleaners by example and inspirational help in putting over their project.

On September 23rd a clear and detailed explanation of how to proceed with the compilation of "Treasures of Truth" should have been given. On page 123 of the manual on "Gleaning" this subject is treated. If for any reason it was not possible to get the project launched on that night, time should be taken at your next meeting of the Gleaners to thoroughly discuss this subject.

As to the type of book or binding used, the girls should be left free to choose. The permanent record should be one in which just pride may be taken on account of content, neatness and attractiveness. To obtain such a result the first draft of the family history, experiences, and true stories may be written in a common note book, as in most instances it will be necessary to make alterations, additions and improvement in style of writing before the girl will feel that her effort is ready for final copying into her permanent record.

Attention, Gleaner Leaders!

The time has arrived when everything for the new season should be in full swing.

Have you Gleaner leaders studied the manual so that you know ahead what the entire year's program is? We are particularly fortunate in having the whole program all together in one manual.

The splendid class discussions—"Gleaning," by Dr. Adam S. Bennion, twenty-five in number, are all there, as are the activities for the M Men-Gleaner evenings. The Project-Sheaf—"I Will Gather Treasures of Truth"—is explained in detail. The books for the M Men and Gleaner departments are reviewed and the Question Box is discussed, as well as are other things pertaining to the Gleaner Department. Altogether it is a very comprehensive little volume and one which will be invaluable to all Gleaner leaders.

Read it and digest it and pass the enthusiasm which you are sure to get on to the girls, so that every one of them will want to own and study this manual.

The Project and Sheaf

Every Gleaner leader will do well to have a "Treasure Book" in which she can put many faith-promoting and inspirational events, which would be the means of creating an incentive in the girls to do the same.

Attendance and Enrollment

Now is the time to get the girls around you and sell the M. I. A. to

(Continued on page 827)

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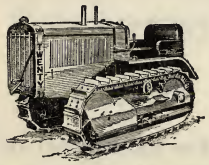

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CATERPILLAR

Junior Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Laura P. Nicholson, Chairman; Agnes C. Knowlton, Julia S. Baxter, Emma Goddard, Katie C. Jensen

JUNIOR Leaders are referred to the Junior Manual "Believing and Doing," page 103, for complete calendar, of the year's program. Note especially items for November.

We hope you are well started in reading the book selected for this department (either life of Schumann-Heink or Bambi), and are greatly enjoying it.

Begin early to plan for the "Junior Home Evening with Songs" for the December class activity night.

We shall be glad to hear how your girls are responding to the discussions "Believing and Doing."

The Project

"We will develop vigorous minds and bodies through right thinking and right living."

November class activity (Manual, p. 105).

"Who learns and learns,
But acts not what he knows,
Is one who plows and plows
But never sows."
—Oriental Proverb.

Have the girls select from the class a representative girl who rates high in personal grooming. Judge by—

Personal cleanliness, hair, hands, skin, personal appearance, costume harmony, color harmony, etc.

Select a girl from the class representative of good standing and sitting posture. Judge by the straight line test.

Select girl with the best looking feet. Judge on

Muscle tone, straight inner line, freedom from corns and callouses, and the straight line up the back of the heel. Do not be afraid to slip off your shoes.

Select the well nourished girl by weight, muscle tone, distribution of fat over the body, color of skin, gloss of hair, carriage of the body, etc.

Use the above score card and have the girls score themselves.

Have them list the items they consider necessary to beauty and vigor of mind and body and give their importance as 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.

We would like to have this mailed into the Committee — 34 Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Sample Health Score

Are You as Attractive as Nature Intended You to Be? Score Yourself.

Points

5 a. Hair. *"A woman's chief glory lies in her hair."*
5. Glossy and free from oil. Not dry and brittle.

5 b. Eyes. *"Eyes that sparkle like stars at night."*
2. Bright, sparkling, alert, not dull and heavy.
1. Not strained; no puckery lines or frowns.
2. Clear white of eye; not muddy or yellow.

5 c. Mouth. *"Smile and the world smiles with you."*
2. Pleasing expression.
3. No mouth breathing.

5 d. Teeth. *"The charm of your smile comes in your teeth."*
3. Well cared for.
2. Good apposititon (teeth meet properly).

10 e. Skin. *"A skin you love to touch."*
2. Clear without eruptions.
2. Good color, not anemic.
2. Moist and smooth, not dry and scaly.
2. Tissues firm and elastic; not flabby or soggy.
2. Lips naturally red.

5 f. Hands. *"Beauty at your finger tips."*
3. Skin immaculately clean. Smooth without abrasions or cuts.
2. Nails and cuticle clear and carefully cared for. (No extremes).

5 g. Feet. *"A foot of comfort means miles of happiness."*
3. Normal (of good shape). Shoes worn evenly on heels and sole.
2. Feet properly shod. (No extremes.)

10 h. Posture. *"Graceful Carriage."*
1. Head well poised.
1. Shoulders level (one shoulder not higher than the other).
1. Graceful body line unbroken by abdomen. Chest high.
1. Feet in good position—slightly apart and parallel.
1. Arms in graceful relaxation. Good lines and grace while seated.

1. Lower spine against chair back.
1. Knees almost touching each other.
1. Feet parallel or one crossed over the other. Harmony of movement while walking.
1. An elastic step—firm, not heavy.
1. Good rhythm of entire body.

10 i. Correct weight for height and age.

10 j. Good hearing. Can your hear ordinary conversation at sixteen feet?

10 k. Good vision. Can you read ordinary print at arm's length without straining? Can you read the usual billboard sign across the street?

20 l. *The All-Important First Impression.*

5. Radiating good health and spirits. (Full of enthusiasm and interest; magnetic.)
5. Poise. (A perfect control of self, often inspiring others with confidence and admiration.)
5. Voice. (The depth, the warmth, the force of your personality should speak through your voice.)
5. "Pep." (The power that makes the world's wheels go round.)

100 Total. Is your score what you would like it to be? If not, why not remedy it? "Health Makes Beauty."

From the Journal of Educational Method, March, 1925. Teacher Training and Health Education. Mary L. Preston, State Teachers College, San Francisco, California.

Height and Weight for Girls of 16 and 17 years of age

Height	16	17
58 in.	91 lbs.	
59 in.	96 lbs.	98 lbs.
60 in.	102 lbs.	104 lbs.
61 in.	108 lbs.	109 lbs.
62 in.	113 lbs.	114 lbs.
63 in.	117 lbs.	118 lbs.
64 in.	120 lbs.	121 lbs.
65 in.	123 lbs.	124 lbs.

This age and weight table is taken from the one prepared by Thomas D. Wood of Columbia University. It is to be remembered that in using such scales, that they are average. An allowance of 10 per cent may be made if over weight or light weight is a family characteristic.

Activity Leaders

(Continued from page 821)

the Adult or M Men leader is conducting the section in retold story. The development of activity interests among all ages and groups is the objective of this program and toward its realization every officer and member of the M. I. A. should bend every effort.

The Spirit of the Organization

THE results of combined united effort are always best when persons work with each other, for each other, help each other, criticize each other in a friendly way, and in the highest degree each offers his best for the other and for the whole.

Then there exists the Spirit of the Organization.

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Bee Hive Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Catherine Folsom, Chairman; Sarah R. Cannon, Vida Fox Clawson, Marie C. Thomas, Glenn J. Beeley, Elsie T. Brandley

October:

The first few weeks of the M. I. A. season are past, and now we are getting into the swing of the winter's work. In every ward new Bee-Hive Swarms have been organized and last year's Swarms called together. New girls are absorbing the lovely spirit of the program—the Spirit of the Hive—and into their lives is coming intensified interest in activities.

September has gone on with the summer months, and into the very heart of the work we are ready to plunge. The Plan of the Bee-Hive has been discussed with the girls, and the Probationary requirements checked. (Probationary req. No. 3-b, should be revised as follows: Presidency of the Y. L. M. I. A. as at present constituted—Ruth May Fox, Pres., Lucy G. Cannon, 1st Couns., Clarissa A. Beesley, 2nd Couns. In the Primary, May Anderson is Superintendent, with Isabelle Ross first and Edna Harker Thomas second assistant.) Every girl should have her Bee-Hive handbook and know the general content of it. Every Bee-Keeper should have her handbook also, and know in detail what is contained therein.

Bee-Hive Plan

The plan of the Bee-Hive is simple, after one gets in and studies. The life of the bee itself is one of active, purposeful activity, and on its plan of existence, the idea of the Bee-Hive organization is based. Briefly it is as follows: A group of girls, age 14 or 15, are banded together to form a Bee-Hive Swarm. Their leader is known as the Bee-Keeper, and as such will hold near to her heart the welfare of the girls while they are in her care. The program for the year is one of study and activity, and outlines for it are to be found in the Bee-Hive Handbook previously mentioned, pages 15 (for Builders in the Hive) and 48 (for Gatherers of Honey). Bee-Keepers who have been in the work in past years can give a great deal of help to those coming in for the first time this year if they will take time to recall their initial difficulties and lend the assistance they would have appreciated in the beginning.

Gathering in the Fields

There are a great many organizations for the young people of today, some of national and of international extent. The Bee-Hive Girls is one of the greatest of all—not in membership, but in the scope if the program offered. As the bees go into the fields along the wayside and garner the honey from the flowers for their winter sustenance, The Bee-Hive Girls go into the fields of life and make their own the sweet value of experience. They investigate and taste the sweetness of Religion, Home, Health, Domestic Art, Out of Doors, Business and Public Service. They learn the joy of knowing how to make and do things, and the greater joy of helping others in the knowledge and doing. They begin to find interests, which, if properly guided, will perhaps direct them into vocational work which will add to their permanent happiness.

Bee-Keepers, you have an opportunity for helping these girls to help themselves. Do not think of them as a Swarm, collectively. Think of them as members of a Swarm, individually, and keep each one separate in your attention. If one girl shows especial interest in filling her cells in the Field of Health, encourage her to specialize for the two Bee-Hive years in this line. Help her to find out if that might grow into her life-interest. Suggest that she make a scrap-book in which she will keep every suggestion and bit of information she can glean on the subject of nursing and the same with other girls and other fields. Don't lose a chance to find in the unexpressed interests of these young girls sign posts pointing the way to future accomplishment.

Calendar for October

BUILDERS IN THE HIVE

October 7—Guide No. 3, Bee-Hive Handbook, page 16, *The Builder's Purpose and the "Call of Womanhood."*

October 14—Guide No. 4, Handbook, page 17, *Scrap Books.*

October 21—Guide No. 5, Handbook, page 17, *Name and Symbol.*

October 30—Guide No. 6, Handbook, page 18, *Have Faith.*

GATHERERS OF HONEY

October 7—Guide No. 3, Bee-Hive Handbook, page 49, *A Practical Use of the Symbol.*

October 14—Guide No. 4, Handbook, page 49. This is left for your own planning, and one of the loveliest of programs is yours to make out. Discuss the Project for the Bee-Hive Girls, (cell 42) or have every girl in the Swarm fill cell No. 67, in the Field of Religion, or other cells which you and they might select. Let the girls do the work that night, and see how well they can do it.

October 21—Guide No. 5, Handbook, page 49, *Know Work.*

October 28—Guide No. 6, Handbook, page 50, *Food and Rest for the Baby.*

Gleaner Girls Department

(Continued from page 823)

them. Surely there never was a year when we have had a more interesting, attractive and uplifting program, and one which should be the means of perfecting the character and increasing the faith of every Gleaner Girl in the Church.

Remember the theme of the last June Conference, "Onward with Mormon Ideals"—also that of the M Men-Gleaner meeting "Carry On," and let this same spirit be the keynote of the present year's work, so that in this centennial year of our Church, the purpose of the organization of the M. I. A., may be fully realized, in the increase of faith and the establishment of an individual testimony of the Gospel, in the heart of every Gleaner Girl.

AN old legend tells how a certain grand Duke of Florence built a bridge without expense to the state. The grand Duke issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain designated time should be provided with a new suit of clothes, free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue of the public square to be closed, bade the beggars strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected, enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno River, still called the Beggar's Bridge.

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Upon a foundation laid 41 years ago, there is now built a banking system that looks confidently toward a future of greater service to a greater Utah.

With its roots embedded deep in the pioneer past—with a record of constructive accomplishment through the intervening years and with resources of near $10,000,000.—The Ogden State Bank offers a service as sound as it is progressive, as flexible as it is friendly.

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Adult Department

(Continued from page 822)

Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years

Reviewed by Ann M. Cannon, Written by Harriet Connor Brown

Published by Little, Brown and Company—Price $3.00

GRANDMOTHER BROWN lived from 1827 to 1927. This book gives a picture of the times as she saw them, and by hearsay that of the preceding one hundred years. As her hundred years included the rise of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints her account is of especial interest to us.

The book is written by her daughter-in-law, Harriet Connor Brown, wife of Herbert D. Brown, Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Efficiency. The author specialized in history and received her A. B. from Cornell in 1894. She later did much newspaper work.

The *Atlantic Monthly* $5000 prize was awarded this book as the best biography of the year 1929.

For the purpose of the book let us look to the "introduction."

"'* * * What has she ever done that is great?' is a question that nettled me when I told a friend that I was trying to write the history of my hundred-year-old mother-in-law. The general attitude of mind reflected by my friend's question is the thing that makes me want to see published the story of how one good mother has spent a hundred years. I want to honor a woman not esteemed 'great,' one who has had the common fate and will be consigned to oblivion, despite work well done throughout a full century of living, unless someone like myself can rescue her from it. * * *

"Had Grandmother Brown been a woman of literary attainments, of wider reading and more varied acquaintance with the great world, her observation on life might be more interesting to the sophisticated. But the mass of men and women who have made America have not been literary or sophisticated. They have, however, been people of ideals, people of courage. What benefits we now enjoy in America have come to us as the result of the labors of people inspired by ideals such as Grandmother Brown has cherished, upheld by courage such as she has had. As we go forward into another period of our country's development, it is well for us to try to understand the forces that have created us and the world in which we find ourselves, even though we ourselves are driven by very different forces and are building up another kind of society based perhaps on a different philosophy of life."

And to the Foreword:

"This book — *Grandmothr Brown's Hundred Years*—will be for a student of

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Harold H. Hills, *Sec'y and Treas.*

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American human nature a classic text book. This wonderful woman tells in a simple and natural way the story of her life. If her purpose was any other than to tell her story exactly as it was, the book would have lost its value. As one reads these pages, one realizes that Grandmother Brown gives facts as she sees them and opinions formed without the handicap of preconceived philosophy which often warps the statements of historical writers."

It was chosen by the Adult Committee because it parallels the first hundred years of "Mormonism" and also because it gives a genuine picture of a fine type of woman, akin to many among our own pioneers.

The story is especially interesting to us because it touches our experiences in many ways. Note her pride in her ancestry (pages 52-3). She could trace her genealogy back to 837 A. D. (page 5).

The picture of her grandparents' home is unique:

"In making a home for his family in the Belpre settlement, Zadoc Foster had, undoubtedly, full scope for any enterprise and industry of which he was possessed. To make a clearing in the forest and to rear on it a comfortable cabin was real man's work, even though the logs were piled up like children's cob houses and held together by wooden pins instead of nails, even though no tools were necessary in the construction except an axe, an auger, and perhaps a cross-cut saw. Rude, indeed, were those first log cabins with their puncheon floors, wooden shutters, leather latchstrings, stone chimneys, clay hearthstones. Primitive was the home-made furniture within them. We catch a glimpse of a table split from a large log, a bedstead made of poles interlaced with bearskins, a spinning wheel in the corner, a rifle hung in forked cleats over the door with powder horn beside it, three-legged stools, splint-bottomed chairs, cast-iron spiders, long-handled frying-pans, a movable Dutch oven."

Read about her childhood's home (pages 26 to 28): about her father (pages 32 to 38) who died when she was four years old. Follow her through the many pioneer joys and tribulations; glow with her faith and fervor; laugh at her quick-witted retorts; weave her experiences into the history of the times. See her ideals of personal appearance (page 115), her education (pages 47 and 62). Consider the plan of the Coon-skin Library (page 88) and its possibilities.

Read this on dancing:

"The dancing school always met in the afternoon, girls and boys practicing separately at first. When both had learned the steps, then we came together. We danced to the music of fiddles, and they called off, 'First lady forward! Seven hands round.' There were no round dances. Our teachers taught us to take little steps, to move forward and back genteelly. With some pride and dignity! Why, I could do it now if I were on my feet—one, two, three, four, five, then

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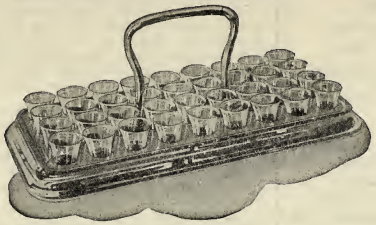

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These young people—former students of Henager's Business College are all employed by one company—five of them were placed by the school this year. Oakley, Idaho, and Salina, Sigurd, Manti, Provo and Salt Lake City, Utah, are represented. The school has enrolled students this year from 17 States. If you want a thorough busines training and a position upon graduation you should enroll in Henager's Business College. The school has had more calls for office help this year than ever before, and has been unable to fill all the positions open.

The classes are so arranged that new students may start at any time and progress just as rapidly as their application and ability will permit. Courses are given in all commercial subjects and completion qualifies one for office work. Call, write, or phone to Henager's Business College, 45 E. Broadway, for full information. Visitors are welcome at any time and inquiries cheerfully answered.

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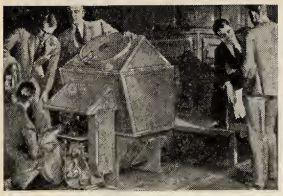

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IRON FIREMAN

AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER

the machine that made coal an automatic fuel

back again; six, seven, eight, nine, ten. That was the way to do it—so rhythmically and beautifully. Now they grab each other and go see-sawing around. The contradances took in the whole room. It was lovely to see them do it the girls so pretty and modest, in those days, their dresses ankle-length. When they honored the partner, they didn't just squat that square way, but they must lean to one side gracefully.

"When we were living on the farm I taught my children to dance. Afterward, when Lizzie first came to Fort Madison, she was complimented on her dancing. 'My mother taught me,' she said. A shout went up. They thought her a wicked mother, I suppose, who would teach her child to dance. But, if it had been wicked to dance, it would say so in the Bible. If it had said, 'Thou shalt not dance,' I would not have done it, for I have kept all the Thou Shalt Nots."

The book traces her life from April 9, 1827, when she was born in Athens, Ohio, third child of Ebenezer Foster and Achsah Culver and christened "Maria Dean." It carries her through childhood; the loss of father; the marriage of mother; life under a step-father; marriage at eighteen to Daniel Truesdale Brown; removal to her husband's home in Amesville, Ohio, the birth of her eight children; the death of two; the pioneering of a farm on Skunk River, Iowa.

"Such a way of living is hard, *hard, HARD.* The only thing that can make it endurable for a woman is love and plenty of it. I remember one day on the farm when Dan'l was going to Burlington. I remember that before he left he kissed me —kissed me and my little sick baby lying so white on her pillow. I had many things to do that day. But, my! how the work flew under my hands! What a difference a kiss can make!"

The book goes on, fourteen years of life on that farm; removal to Fort Madison, Iowa; loneliness after the death of her husband; greater ease in her old age; down to the termination of her hundred and one years—still keen, interesting, sympathetic and alert.

Her daughter-in-law says:

"Chiefly I think of her as a mother. In that experience she has found understanding of many things. A careful craftsman in all she does, and by nature proud,—though timid too,—she demands that her pride be satisfied in her children. It is impossible to tell her story and not refer constantly to her children, to her hopes and plans and work for them, and their reaction to her efforts."

Speaking of the birth of her last child (Herbert) Grandmother Brown says:

"I was nearly forty-three years old, and my hair was gray. * * * My neighbor, Mrs. Johnson, said she'd be so ashamed she wouldn't know what to do if she had a baby after her hair was gray.

" 'She did, did she?' I (Mrs. Herbert

(Continued on page 836)

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Foods for Health

The Art of Soup Making

By ADAH R. NAYLOR

THIS is the time of year when we are glad to forget the chilled salads and iced drinks of summer and turn our attention to foods hot and savory.

On a cold or chilly evening nothing is more appetizing and satisfying to a hungry person than good hot soup. It is wholesome and nutritious and can be made the main dish of a well balanced meal. Where cost of food is of great consideration it should be served several times a week during cold weather.

Soups are of two kinds: the soups made from meat stocks with other ingredients added, and cream soups, made by cooking fish and their juices, or vegetables with their juices in milk. The latter are simply and easily made and can be prepared in a few minutes. They are usually thickened with butter and flour to about the consistency of cream. Meat soups take longer but are not difficult to prepare. They are usually thickened with rice, barley, noodles, macaroni or things of like nature.

MEAT STOCK.—Stock is the foundation of all meat soups. When it is cold it is firm like jelly and if put in an earthen dish and placed in the ice box will keep from a week to ten days. It can be kept longer if boiled up occasionally and put in a fresh scalded dish. Since the cooking requires a long period of time, it should be made up in large quantities.

The quality and richness of stock depends more on the proper choice of ingredients and a clear

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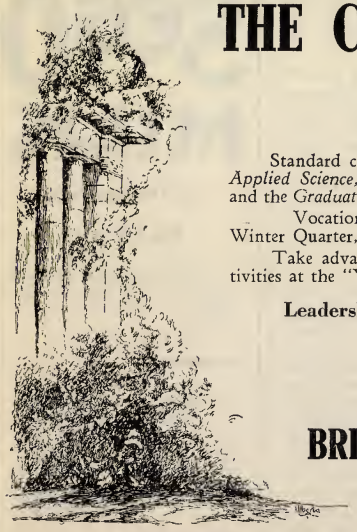

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understanding of the principles of soup making than it does on the sum paid out at the market. With thought and right management one can utilize all scraps and trimmings of meat and the bones from roast beef, veal, turkey and chicken. Mutton, lamb and pork are not so good as the flavor of the former is not pleasant when recooked and pork is too fat, though many cooks use ham bones. Stock made entirely from cooked meat and bones is not so good but when they are added to fresh meat and bones, they impart a rich flavor and are clear gain, since in many homes all such material is considered waste. They should be used immediately, however, as the least taint is sure to spoil the stock.

THE shin of beef and brisket of beef makes the best stock. Veal makes a very delicate white stock but it is lacking in nutriment and flavor.

When meat is used solely for stock it should be cut in very small pieces. If you wish to have stock and a piece of savory meat also, leave the meat in one large piece and when cooked enough to separate from the bones, remove from kettle and allow the bones to continue cooking. However it is impossible to have good boiled meat and good stock at one and the same time as the two objects are diametrically opposed.

Bones for soup should be well cracked as the earthy substance to which they owe their solidity incases the gelatinous matter which must be extracted in order to give strength and thickness to the soup. (Two oz. of bone contains as much gelatine as one lb. of meat.) In breaking the bones more surfaces are exposed and more gelatinous matter dissolved.

MEAT for soup should always be put to cook in cold water, allowed to heat slowly and never boiled fast at any time. The proportion of meat and water is one pound of meat, bones and trimmings to two quarts of water. This may seem a large amount of water but it is well to have what is needed in the beginning as it injures the flavor to add more later. As soon as the water begins to heat a scum begins to rise, which should be carefully removed if you wish the stock to be clear. After the scum is all removed, salt, pepper-

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corns, a few cloves and a bay leaf should be added, the soup kettle lightly covered and contents allowed to cook slowly for 5 or 6 hours—even longer is better.

When done, add one tablespoon of carmelized sugar. This gives an amber color and imparts a fine flavor. The stock should be strained through a wire strainer, lined with a square of cheese cloth, and put to cool in an open earthen bowl. It is sometimes necessary to strain soup more than once in order to avoid all small bits of broken bone. It should be allowed to cool without a cover, otherwise it will sour very quickly.

IF vegetables are to be used, they should not be added until an hour before the stock is done. They make it cloudy, and it will sour much more quickly, especially in warm weather. It is better to cook the vegetables by themselves in a small amount of water and add them with their juices to the necessary amount of stock about fifteen minutes before serving. Many cooks use a soup-bouquet for flavoring. It is made of a few sprigs of parsley, thyme, celery leaves and a bit of onion, sewed into a muslin bag and dropped into the soup for a little time before serving.

When the stock is finally made, and put away in the ice box, it affords the busy housewife an opportunity to quickly prepare new and interesting foods for a hungry family.

UTENSILS.—Every household should have a large soup kettle—aluminum is best though old fashioned iron ones are very good. The kettle should be high in proportion to its size as only a small part of its surface needs to contact the heat, because of the slow simmering required. Then too, a kettle of this form takes less room on the stove. Other necessary utensils are coarse and fine wire strainers and two or three squares of cheese cloth—the latter can be kept clean and fresh by boiling in soda water.

IT [the Bible] is, indeed, justly called Holy Writ. He that has lost his God can find him again, and towards him who never knew him, it wafts the spirit and the breath of the divine word.—*Heine.*

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Tested Recipes

Cream of Tomato Soup

1 can tomatoes
1 small onion
2 stalks celery (or celery salt)
¼ teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 quart milk
Salt and white pepper

Make white sauce of butter, flour and milk. Cook tomatoes, onion and celery together, strain and add soda. When the bubbling stops mix with the white sauce. Have bouillon cups ready with slice of orange in each, pour soup in and serve at once. The orange gives the soup a delicious flavor.

Cream of Corn Soup

1 can of corn
2 stalks celery
1 small onion
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 pint milk
½ pint cream

Cook corn, celery, onion and milk for about 30 minutes, then strain through fine wire sieve. Heat butter in small pan and stir in flour, add to the strained mixture and let it come to a boil, then stir in the cream. Put a little of the chopped parsley in each cup. Serve with popcorn.

Tomato Soup with Sago

Soak 4 tablespoons of pearl sago in a pint of cold water, then cook slowly until the sago is clear. To one can of tomatoes add a slice of onion, a sprig of parsley and a stalk of celery and cook 10 minutes, strain, add the sago and 1 pint of heated soup stock. Stir in 1 tablespoon of butter, add salt and white pepper to taste and serve at once.

Vegetable Soup

2 quarts cold water
1 bunch of carrots, diced
1 bunch of green onions, cut fine
1 bunch of celery, cut fine
1 cup chopped parsley
1 bunch spinach
½ can tomatoes

Put carrots, onions and celery in water and when it comes to a boil, add parsley and tomatoes. Cook slowly for 30 minutes—then add spinach. Ten minutes later remove from fire and season with salt to taste. This soup is good for invalids.

Mushroom Soup

½ lb. fresh mushrooms
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup thick cream
6 cups veal soup stock
Salt and paprika

To 2 lbs. of veal shank, well broken add 3 quarts of cold water, let it heat slowly and remove scum as it rises. Add salt and cook for several hours. Chop fine, an onion, a carrot and a stalk of celery. Wash mushrooms well, remove skin and stems, and slice very thin.

Put the chopped vegetables with the skins and stems of the mushrooms into the stock and cook 30 minutes. Strain and thicken with the flour and butter. Fry the sliced mushrooms in butter for 15 minutes and add to thickened stock—then stir in the half cup of cream. Season well and serve.

French Onion Soup

2 large onions
¼ lb. cheese
1 qt. soup stock
Small bits of bread

Slice onions thin and fry in butter, turning constantly until they are light brown. Slice the cheese and put it over the onions, stir until the cheese is melted, then add the quart of heated soup stock. Season and serve with bits of toasted bread on top.

Soup Dinners

I.

Cream of tomato soup—with slice of orange
French fried potatoes served with soup in place of crackers
Egg and lettuce salad
Apple pie and cheese.

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Vegetable soup made with meat stock
Hot bread rolls in place of crackers
Head lettuce with French dressing
Fruited jell-o and cookies.

Hints

All measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

The fat removed from soup stock can be clarified and used for flavoring noodles, spaghetti, and boiled vegetables.

The meat strained from stock is almost tasteless but it can be made into a palatable dish. Cut it fine and add onions fried in butter, chopped celery and a small piece of green pepper cut very fine. Shape into a loaf and bake in oven 20 minutes.

Some cooks fry a few pieces of the soup meat dark brown and add to the soup kettle before the simmering process is begun in order to give the stock a deep amber color. A handful of spinach well pounded and added to soup a few minutes before serving will give it a green color.

Adult Department

(Continued from page 830)

D. Brown) asked fiercely. 'What became of *her*, I'd like to know?'

" 'Why, she died after a while,' said Grandmother Brown; and then, with a flash of humor, 'I don't know what *became* of her'."

The Foreword by Charles G. Dawes is perhaps one of the best criticisms of the book:

"The older our country becomes, the larger its population, the greater its diversification of industry, of blood, and of culture, the more our calm judgment acknowledges the debt this people owe to its early settlers. It was they who laid the foundation and fashioned the shape of the governmental, social, and industrial edifice, to which we of this generation make only additions or subtractions. * * *

"No one can read the story without the continuing sense of its inherent truthfulness, without added reverence for the old American stock, transplanted but unchanged, without an added realization of the fact that the imporant things of life are the simple ones, and that small duties, faithfully performed, sum themselves up finally in the creation of high character commanding universal respect and interest, and becoming an influence for unbounded good to our citizenship."

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Expatriation

(*Continued from page 807*)

the world, but they adopted me, coming to this land to take me back with them after the frightful hurricane."

"Well, I'll be—excuse me. Say, that explains a lot of mysteries!" Hawley exclaimed excitedly. "The moment you landed in Pago Pago, I felt sure we had met before, and now I know why. Can't you remember? As kiddies we played together. Then the Redfields took you away. I've often thought about you and wondered where you were and whether you remembered me. Do you?"

The bewildered girl looked at him intently, but there was no sign of recognition in the searching eyes.

To give her time to recover from the surprise caused by this revelation, Hawley excused himself to attend to some duty in connection with the ship. The commodore and his wife were dozing, or pretending to, on the opposite side of the deck. Nell was torn by conflicting emotions, pleasure at meeting an old friend and fear that the secret of her birth might, through the disclosure of her identity, become widely known.

The lieutenant soon returned. "Will you let me call you by your first name?"

THE young chap's face was too frank and open for deceit, but for a moment his companion wondered whether or not he was a pretender, and determined to put him to the test.

"You doubtless have heard my first name but you may call me by it if you can tell me my last real name."

"Prudent, aren't you? Not going to believe any fairy stories," Hawley laughed delightedly. "Lucky for me I have proof of our early acquaintance. Your real name is Lilly Nell Terry; your father was John Terry; as your house collapsed your mother saved your life by throwing herself over you, and in doing so received her death blow. I can show you the

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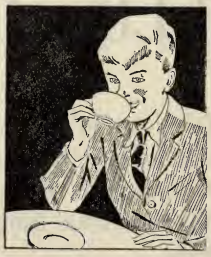

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exact spot where the house stood and the cemetery where your parents sleep."

Nell appreciated the rollicking sailor's consideration in leaving her at this juncture instead of remaining to enjoy his complete triumph, for she was so perturbed by this unexpected tie-up with her past as to be on the verge of weeping. Later she noticed that he was not busy and motioned him to rejoin her. They were drawing near to the harbor and she was anxious for a few more details.

"You remember my parents?"

"As well as I do my own and loved them almost as much. In those days I was as free in your home as you were."

"Tell me about them."

"Everybody spoke of your father as the squarest man on the Islands and your mother as the most beautiful and talented woman. Naturally her heroic death added to the reverence in which the natives held her. You'll find plenty of people who will remember them both and when they find out who you are they'll look upon you almost as a goddess."

"I would rather keep my identity hidden at least for a time. Of course I may trust you with my secret?"

"I give you the word of a sailor. And now can't you remember me, Nelly?"

"No, not quite, and yet it seems that I can. Was your mother or some other white lady there?"

"By Jove, you're getting it! Mother brought you to our home after the accident and you lived with us until the Redfields took you away. I used to carry you around in my arms."

"Please don't go into too much detail," the young lady protested.

"I carried you away from the crowd on the day your parents were buried," Hawley went on not heeding the admonition, "and we sat on a rock overlooking the ocean. You were hot and thirsty; I broke a cocoanut for you and gave you a drink. Can't you recall putting your arms around my neck, calling me by name and begging me not to leave you?"

"Dick!" Memory, which refused to operate until it was fully ready, now awoke with a start. "Are you Dick?"

"Yes, I'm Dick!" exclaimed the delighted fellow. "How wonder-

ful that I of all chaps in the world should bring you back to this place where we last met."

THE introduction made Nell very happy; but the light in her newly found friend's eyes aroused a strong premonition that, as a result of their meeting again so strangely, this playmate of her baby days would be forced to endure disappointment similar to that which had overtaken Nate. This fear reminded her that she might often see him alone and therefore her conduct toward him must be very discreet.

"Now that I am remembered of course you'll go on calling me Dick?" There was a wistful tone in the man's voice as though he divined the thought in her heart.

"No, I shall call you Lieutenant Hawley, or Mr. Hawley which, I understand from Commodore King is the correct form in naval circles."

"Now look here, Nell Terry, why the necessity of so much formality? One would think you were an admiral. Why, we've known each other a score of years."

"Yes, but we're no longer children. You are a strange man wearing the uniform of the great United States. I left my old friend Dick in Apia many years ago. He was just a little fellow wearing a lava lava instead of a uniform. I wonder what he's been doing all this time."

"You can't jar me into speaking in the third person, and I'm not going to let you forget that I carried you around in my arms. After you left I started in by climbing to the top of the hill, Mt. Vaea, above the town—look, we can see it clearly from here; it's the spot where Stevenson is buried. He was known as Tusitala, the Tale-teller. From the very top of the highest cocoanut tree on the highest hill I watched your vessel as long as it was in sight. Afterwards I soundly thrashed a native boy who said I'd been crying. I swore I hadn't, though there must have been streaks of tears all over my dirty face. Then and there I made up my mind to become a great sailor and go around the world until I found you. That was the incentive for joining the navy, and I've been like the Flying Dutchman, wandering over

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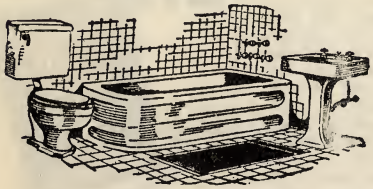

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the earth hunting you ever since."

"You're about as truthful as other sailors when it comes to paying compliments to ladies. If the real facts were known my pride would have an upset, for you have never thought of your little playmate since that day. Now please forget about me and tell about yourself."

"We'll soon be entering the harbor, and I must look after the ship, but first let me square myself by saying you do me an injustice. I am sure that for a week at least I thought of nothing but my sorrow at your leaving."

"Suppose you are telling the truth now and that you did think of me for a whole week, that furnishes little excuse for any great intimacy after twenty years. We are almost strangers to each other. Must you go?"

THE commodore was stalking up and down, and his looks indicated that he thought the young officer should be at his post, and Hawley understood the look. Still he took time to say: "I can't go ashore now but will be on hand to help you any way I can in the morning."

"Thank you; I shall be glad of that. I prefer to rent a private cottage, rather than live in a hotel if I can find something which suits me."

"I'm sure we'll find the very thing you want."

Nell looked with wonder, indeed with awe, upon the great rusting skeletons, the daylight showing through their steel ribs, which, when she saw them last, were complete, though wrecked, battleships. The harbor is a shallow one, and passengers are obliged to go to and from the wharf to the ocean-going vessels in small boats, and this was one of the things which had always stood out in the girl's memory.

She could not have described her feelings as she set foot on the land of her birth. Was it also to be the land where she should die and be buried? Imperfect recollections of her sorrowful babyhood days, mingled with the memories of more recent trials, overwhelmed her, and she was glad to reach her room in the primitive hotel where she could weep unrestrainedly.

(To be continued)

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Out of webs, and laces, and mists come the masks of Hallowe'en, the vigil of All Saints, hallowed time that has been given over to spirits and spooks, and apparitions to order, among which we find hideous witches with snakes and bats, and brew in a sizzling cauldron, guaranteeing a peep into the future.

THERE may be some who would like a peep into the future, but there are others of us who are quite willing to wait for Time to unroll the scroll. We don't mind that rustle to lighter feet than those heard other seasons, but we do mind witches. Personally, we've had an antipathy for witches from childhood—maybe a legacy

(*Continued on page 848*)

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Neighbor Anne

(*Continued from page 797*)

da's tomcat. He's pure Maltese an' she shut him up in a bird cage so he won't run away. But he's a good cat—sleeps all the time 'cept when he's hungry, an' then he meows somethin' terrible."

"I should say he did!" Mrs. Bench's hands went to her head as another penetrating meow pierced the room.

"Polly wants her breakfast, I'll tell the world!" screeched the parrot.

"You mean supper, you fool bird," snapped Seth.

"Meow——."

"I'll tell the world! Polly wants her——"

"How can you stand it, Anne Tompkins?" frantically asked Mrs. Bench.

"Well, they are a sort of a nuisance—but Miranda has no one else she can leave them with."

TRIUMPH gleamed in Mrs. Bench's beady, green eyes. The first part of Anne's sentence was what her big, shiny, gossip-loving ears had been waiting for.

"I wish folks wouldn't always foist their animals on us," growled Seth, making matters a little worse. "Is it appreciated? Well — I guess——"

"Seth, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," chided Anne.

"About time for me to be goin'," said Jane Bench.

"I'll tell the world!" called Polly.

"Meow!" from Silverlegs.

"Seth, I wish you wouldn't say much before her," said Anne, after bidding Mrs. Bench goodbye. "You know like as not she'll tell Miranda an' the whole town that we're complainin' about takin' care of the pets."

"Well, you're the one who said they was a nuisance."

"Yes—so I did." Anne sank wearily into an old walnut rocker with cushions. "You know, Seth, just this minute, I feel like movin' to another town an' havin' it spread abroad that I've raised a family of twelve an' deserve to spend the last of my days in peace an' quiet. But there's no rest for me till I git wings."

"No, and then I suppose you'll be flyin' around helping the other angels, maybe doing their flying

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for them. You must be tired, Anne, for it's the first time you've talked of leaving these pesky neighbors."

MRS. HUNT arrived home several days later, came for her pets, thanked Anne in a few cold words and hurried away. Anne was used to this brusque treatment on the part of her neighbor. Something inside of Miranda must have frozen when her nephew left her, thought Anne, and made it hard for her to show appreciation.

Not long after her neighbor's return, Anne was in her yard hanging up some dish towels. On the opposite side of the slanting wooden fence dividing their gravelly backyards, Mrs. Hunt's gaunt figure kneeled close to a wild sunflower plant. Trowel in hand, she was loosening the hard ground about its roots.

"Lovely mornin'," greeted Anne from the depths of her blue sunbonnet.

Mrs. Hunt jerked herself erect. She answered Anne in a high-pitched angry treble. "I heard, Anne Tompkins, that my pets were a nuisance to you. You're just like everyone else — always kicking over what you do for folks. I'll take good care they trouble you no more." In another moment, the screen door of her back porch had shut to with a bang.

To Anne, the words were a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Tears wet her cheeks as she walked slowly into her house. When she began to think things over, she remembered that Jane Bench had visited Miranda Hunt the day before, and this was the result.

Seth found her with eyes still reddened with weeping upon his arrival home that night.

"Well, of all the ungrateful old hussies!" he exclaimed on learning the cause of the quarrel. "You should be glad," he continued, "she won't impose on us again! You can thank Jane Bench for that!"

ANNE desired to be at peace with everyone and the estrangement worried her considerably, yet her busy days left scant time for morbid brooding. As the scorching summer days went by, she grew thinner and the color began to fade from her rosy cheeks.

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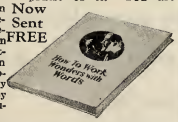

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Whenever Miranda Hunt appeared in her yard, she turned her back the moment she espied Anne on the other side of the fence. "Seth was right," thought Anne. Folks didn't appreciate kindness. If she'd been like Miranda and cared for no one but herself, she would have been better off. These last few days everything seemed to go wrong. Even Mrs. Treweek appeared ungrateful. Yesterday Anne took care of the baby, today Mrs. Treweek phoned he had colic and asked Anne if she were quite sure she modified the baby's milk correctly when she cared for him.

Gradually, Anne's attitude toward her neighbors changed and became more like that of Miranda Hunt. She was so often cold and curt that her friends ceased asking for favors. She was partly relieved at the fact, but at the same time the bottom of her little world dropped out. It was unnatural for Anne to be indifferent to others.

THEN a telegram came for Seth announcing the death of his brother Arnold on a farm several miles from a nearby town.

Anne refused to accompany him to the funeral. She knew it would mean both work and trouble and she was tired, tired of everybody and everything.

"If you hadn't quarreled with Miranda, she could come and stay with you while I'm gone," said Seth, ready to leave.

"Well, I don't want her to, or nobody else!" snapped Anne. "An', Seth, while you're at Petersboro, see if that farm next to Arnold's is still for sale. It wouldn't be a bad idea to sell out and go there. Minnie might need company—now Arnold's gone."

"I thought you was through neighboring," smiled Seth.

"But Minnie's a relative, an' I wasn't thinkin' of that part so much as the gittin' away from here," retorted she.

"Yes, I'll look things over, but you know I'd rather be shot than ever farm again," he grumbled.

Anne liked the country. She had married Seth with the expectation of always being a farmer's wife. But after she learned how her husband detested the farm drudgery she was glad that he got

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the job in the mining town store. Perhaps it was selfish of her to ask him to go back to the life he so disliked, but the events of the past few weeks had filled her with longing to leave this barren mountain town with its unkind neighbors and return to rich green fields and friendly farm animals.

EARLY one morning, several days after Seth's departure, Anne was awakened by the smell of smoke. She arose, dressed and went about the house but found no trace of fire. Then a gleam played upon the window pane of her bedroom. Looking out, she was horrified to see the roof of Mrs. Hunt's kitchen ablaze. All of a tremble, she telephoned central to turn in a fire alarm. After which she ran to Mrs. Hunt's bedroom window, and with much difficulty aroused the sleeping woman.

"There ain't time to dress, Miranda—the roof will fall any minute."

"Oh my pets!" cried Mrs. Hunt. "Can't you hear poor Polly?"

"Now you run in my house," instructed Anne, "put on some of my clothes—do just what I say—an' I'll git Poll if I can."

Anne went on the other side of the house, smashed in a window with a rock, at which the magpie not yet overcome by smoke flew out in safety. She then crawled through the window and got Polly's cage. The parrot, squawking and beating itself against the bars of its cage tried to bite her bleeding hands. Still carrying the bird, she remembered the cat and dog. The risk was very great as cinders and sparks were falling from the roof, but she finally managed to pry open the door of the back porch and let out the frightened Bat and Silverlegs. By this time the fire department was at hand, but it was impossible to save the house, the fire had made such headway.

Anne, half blinded, her heart thumping, stumbled away. On reaching her own doorstep, she handed Mrs. Hunt the poll parrot, and fell in a crumpled heap. A fireman carried the little form into the house. A tired heart and nervous collapse from shock was the town doctor's verdict. She must have rest and quiet and good care for some time. Miranda, still dazed from the loss of her home,

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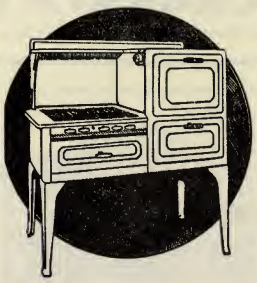

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but whose iron frame had not suffered physically, offered her services as nurse and wired Seth to come home at once.

DURING Anne's days of convalescence, she discovered that everyone in town was her friend. Her room was a bower of flowers, Rosa Cappolini's pet geranium bravely flaunting its scarlet blossoms before the costly roses and carnations shipped from the city. No visitors were allowed but people tiptoed to the door with gifts every hour of the day. Anne found that,after all, few persons forget a kindness. Her neighbors only had been waiting for the time when they could do something for her.

One Saturday afternoon, Anne sat bolstered up in a large easy chair by the front room window, and Seth stood beside her, as Mrs. Hunt had gone to town. Out of doors the snow was piling up in drifts. Thoughts came to Anne of the many winter days that she had spent in the mining camp, days white and silent with the shut-in loneliness of heavy snows.

Seth seemed to read her mind. "I know, my dear," said he, "that this has never been a pleasant place for you to be, — mountains of snow in the winter, and not a tree or green thing in the summer. Well, you must hurry and get strong, so's we can move to Petersboro."

HE paused for a moment mentally going over a glowing description he had memorized to make Anne happy.

"I looked at that farm," he went on, "and—it's a peach. More modern conveniences in the house than you have here—old Martha and her husband to help with the work—big apple trees—old-fashioned flower garden—fine stock and pasturage—and the prettiest white Leghorns I ever seen."

It was a tempting picture. Anne waited a long while before she said: "I—I don't think we'd better go."

"Why, as soon as you get well enough, the neighbors will begin pestering again——"

"I know, but—I just couldn't live without 'em. An, Seth, how can we ever pay them for all their kindness, 'specially Miranda. We must give her something extra nice for her birthday."

"Well," rejoined Seth, rather testily. "I suppose you hain't done a lot for her? Why even now, you're putting up with her pesky pets while you're sick!"

But Miranda herself solved the gift problem.

"Anne," she said, as she sat by the invalid in the winter's twilight, "I just feel that you've done everything for me. Not only saved my life and my pets—but—well, I'm different inside, Anne, and I hope I'll never . . ." she stopped short, overcome by emotion.

"Now," she continued, "I'm going to tell you what I think will please you as much as it does me. You remember the boy who sold you those aluminum pans while I was away? Jane Bench told me you took quite a fancy to him. He came here that week they wouldn't let anyone see you—we got real well acquainted and had a long talk. I saw him again, and soon as my house is rebuilt, he's

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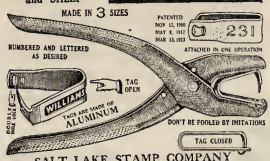

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coming to board with me and work at the mill. Next winter he intends to finish his mining engineering course at the state university, and I'll help him all I can. He's a fine boy—loves pets as you and I do—he'll kind of take the place of——"

IT was the first time Anne had seen tears in those hard, black eyes. Choking back a sob, she said, hesitantly: "An' you'll let me have him some time, Miranda, won't you?"

"Why, Anne, he'll belong to both of us. That's just what I was going to say!" And Miranda threw her arm affectionately about her friend's shoulders.

"Well, well," bantered Seth, entering the room at that moment. "I always said our neighbors appreciated us."

"I'll tell the world!" called Poll, seconded by a faint meow from Silverlegs and a loud bark from Bat.

Hallowed Season

(Continued from page 841)

from some Salem ancestor; at any rate, we don't care for any traffic with them at any season.

If it were a romp now with the Little Folk, and they all gay in their green jackets and wee red caps flaunting the white owl's feather, each with a frog on a leash, well, that sort of a frolic wouldn't be amiss, for no harm comes to one from the Little Folk—unless, to be sure, a thorn tree has been cut down for spite; or a robin killed—or the salute to a dust twirl neglected!

NO, we'd rather pass through the open door into November—and on into each month as it is opened to us, without any peeping through keyholes at the instigation of a witch.

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